



No. 339.—VOL. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



MISS ALICE LETHBRIDGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "PARSIFAL."

The Wagner Society, in its prospectus of Mr. Alfred Forman's recently issued translation of "Parsifal," tells us that of all Richard Wagner's marvellous and momentous dramatic works "Parsifal" is perhaps the one that most intimately concerns both the present and the coming condition of humanity at large, for in it he has, to apply his own pregnant thought upon the highest function of Art, extracted from the conflicting forms of a world-pervading religion its inmost and original essence, and by his ideal treatment of its wondrous emblems has made clear again, for a generation grown accustomed to doubt and discussion, the most deeply hidden and vital truths which they contain. To those (it adds) who have made the pilgrimage to Bayreuth, and surrendered themselves to the solemn spell of the great mystery-play of "Parsifal" as there presented, it is needless to say that the religion for which Wagner has performed this service is no other than the love-compelling and world-redeeming religion of him who was crucified. What, then, we may not unnaturally ask, is the "inmost essence" of Christianity here alluded to? For all profounder students of Wagner's art-work and art-writings the transition from him to Schopenhauer has, upon most points, become so much a matter of course that I have no doubt it is to the pages of the latter that the Wagner Society would refer us for an answer. The following of such a hint would perhaps, for the present occasion, lead us too widely afield. So far, therefore, as the Philosopher is concerned, I will content myself with saying that for the great multitude of his followers, among whom was none more devoted than Wagner, he has conclusively established the fact that morality has no possible basis but the great primal emotion of sympathy (love, that is to say, in its widest New Testament sense), *Mitleid* (best translated as "fellow-pain"), and that he counts it as one of the chief spiritual glories of Christianity to have definitely formulated and preached this virtue for European civilisation. That Wagner was here in complete accordance with Schopenhauer, we need entertain no doubt, and for the present purpose I cannot do better than seek to indicate from the poet-composer's own words the frame of mind in which he produced his last and, as many are of opinion, his greatest music-drama.

In the tenth (and latest) volume of his collected works, which contains the text of "Parsifal," there is a great deal about art in its connection with religion, and in particular with Christianity. It was among the poorest and the most isolated from the world that the Redeemer appeared to point out the way of salvation no longer by doctrine, but by example. The founder of the Christian religion was not so much wise as divine; his *doctrine* was the *deed* of voluntary suffering; to believe in him meant to imitate him, and to hope for redemption meant to seek for unity with him. The "poor in spirit" were in no want of a metaphysic *explanation* of the world. The knowledge of the world's suffering was obtainable through the channel of *feeling*, and to keep this channel open was the demand made by heaven upon the believer. From the sweet and sunny mountain-side, where he loved to preach salvation to the multitude, the Master (whose "poor" were incapable of understanding him except through parables and symbols) pointed downwards to the fearful, death-dreary valley of "Gehenna," whither, on the Day of Judgment, Greed and Murder would be dismissed. The Redeemer's sway would abolish this world of hate and craving, behind the want-wakening appearances of which he recognised in its true essence as fleeing from and forfeit to death. To the oppressed "poor one," whom for *redemption through suffering and fellow-suffering* he called to himself in the Kingdom of God, he could not but exhibit the disappearance of this world in its own sin-gulf as lying upon the scales of Justice. A sinless and divine Being took upon himself the immeasurable blame of all this state of worldly existence, and atoned for it by his own painful death. Through this atonement-death everything that lives and breathes was enabled to feel itself redeemed as soon as the sacrifice was understood as an example and a pattern for imitation. Herewith, then, the figure of the Divine was given of itself in anthropomorphic manner: the body of the innermost essence of all *fellow-suffering* Love stretched in agony upon the cross. A—symbol? No—a picture, an actual image, irresistibly urging to the repetition of the most exalted *sympathy*, to adoration of suffering, and to imitation through denial of the whole egoistic Will. In this picture and in its influence upon mankind's moral and emotional nature lies the entire magic which first of all enabled the Church to make conquest of the Græco-Roman world. What, on the other hand, resulted in injury to her, and led at last to the continually increasing "ungodliness" of the present times, was the idea of referring back the Holy One upon the Cross to the Judaic Maker of Heaven and Earth, under whose banner, as that of a jealous and avenging deity, it seemed to her that more power was to be gained than under that of the self-sacrificing, all-loving Saviour of the Poor. This Saviour gave his own flesh and blood as last and highest atonement-offering for all the sinfully shed blood and slaughtered flesh of the world, and offered, therefore, Wine and Bread as daily nutriment to his disciples: "This do in remembrance of me." This is the single sacrament of the Christian belief; with the observance of it the whole doctrine of the Redeemer is fulfilled.

Much more of a similar nature might be gathered from Wagner's prose-writing of about the same period; but the foregoing will suffice to show the sort of ideas that were prevalent in his mind during the time that his creative powers were occupied with "Parsifal." That such ideas are adequately embodied in the poetry and music of his last work is the opinion of vast numbers of seriously thinking people. M. W. S.

## THE HUMOURS OF BISLEY.

The one thing against Bisley is that it is a little too far away from town, just as its predecessor, Wimbledon, was a trifle too near it. The consequence for Wimbledon was that, at last, its social credit began to suffer from the proximity of the great camp on the Common, which sometimes, especially towards nightfall, presented scenes of revelry, not to say riot, little in keeping with the consciences of the "unco guid" among the residents around. It was for this, among other reasons, that a new site for the great annual "Wappenschaw" had to be found elsewhere, and in the selection of Bisley the other extreme was reached. For if Wimbledon grew to be riotous, Bisley has never been anything else, from the social point of view, but insufferably dull. The occupants of the camp itself, being mostly ambitious marksmen, must lead too regular lives, and go to bed too early, for it to be possible for them to indulge in any social gaiety, and of visitors there are very few.

In fact, the attractions at Bisley to the sightseer are so sparse that the meeting suffers financially, the gate-money being small as compared with what it was at Wimbledon. The competitors at Bisley can understand why it is that so few come from town to see them shoot. But what they cannot comprehend, and are immensely astonished at, is that when the London papers, in lieu of London trippers, arrive in camp, their reports about the Bisley Meeting are so much less elaborate than their accounts of famous cricket-matches. It were indeed a nice question to argue whether the cricket-field is more productive of Empire-builders than the rifle-range—especially in these days, when the bayonet has been practically superseded by the bullet. But, in any case, it is painfully clear to the Robin Hoods and the William Tells of Bisley that their feats are followed with much less interest by the cricket-mad British public at large than the bowling of a Bradley or the batting of a Grace. For ten thousand who crowd to Lord's or the Oval, not one goes to Bisley.

Apart from the Ashburton Shield day, when the trembling mothers and white-clad sisters of the Public School boys through the ranges behind their precious darlings, and are less concerned about these latter making bulls than about their not blowing their brains out with defective cartridges, almost the only other occasion when the camp presents the appearance of combining a social function with feats of arms is when the Canadians give their "At Home" and garden-party at their handsome pavilion, the replica of a summer residence on the St. Lawrence. More than five hundred invitations were this time sent out to people of note in town, including the Duke of Connaught and Lord Wolseley—to all, in fact, on Lord Stratheona's list, for it is the High Commissioner himself, and not the Captain of the Canadian team, who charges himself with the arrangement of this fête. But the attendance this year was comparatively small, and for the simple reason that at this time of the year everybody who is anybody has a dinner engagement in town, and that it is impossible to combine a Bisley garden-party at six o'clock with a London banquet at eight.

In compliment to the overwhelming Scotch element in the Canadian team, which was commanded this time by Colonel Hugh MacLean, a newspaper proprietor of New Brunswick, the band and pipers of the 2nd "Black Watch" were sent from Aldershot to do the musical honours of the "At Home," and the Captain of the team—a fine specimen of the soft-spoken, warlike Gael—confessed, with tears in his eyes, that he had never experienced a prouder moment in his life than when the braw pipers of the "Black Watch," in their hunting-Stewart tartans, swaggered up and down the lawn, lilting out in subtle honour of him, "Come ower the stream, Chairlie, and dine wi' MacLean." Scotland certainly was *in excelsis* at this Canadian entertainment, as it had a right to be, considering that it was the Fraser Highlanders who stormed Quebec, that Lord Stratheona, who was present, is a Banffshire man, and that the Dominion has absorbed more of the emigrants from "Caledonia stern and wild" than any other portion of our oversea Empire, though the presence of a French-speaking henchman to the team was a forcible reminder of the fact that the language of Voltaire is still spoken in some parts of our North American possession as well as the language of Ossian.

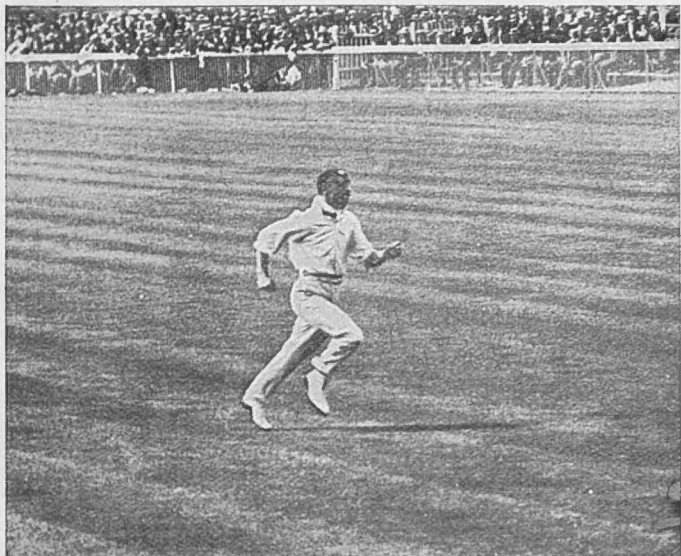
On the same evening the rôle of entertainment was taken up by the London Scottish, who gave a largely attended "sing-song" in the Umbrella Tent—in imitation of the Surrey Brigade, who had led the musical way the previous evening; and the hoddie-grey-clad pipers were well entitled to repeat "The Cock o' the North" as an echo of Dargai, seeing that, of the seventeen hundred-odd entries for the Queen's Prize, very nearly a fourth of these came from beyond the Tweed—no slight testimony to the patriotism, or, at least, the martial spirit, of a country of which the entire population is less than that of London. One wanton English wit suggested that it was less patriotism than *pelf* which brought so many Scotch competitors to Bisley, and he maliciously quoted the saying attributed to Wellington, that, if he wanted an Irish regiment to reach a certain point by a given time, he promised it drink, while the corresponding bait to an English regiment was a dinner of roast beef, and to a Scotch one the certain prospect of its pay!

It is not to be denied that, since the time of that "Solomon o' the North" who came south with such a clamorous crowd of "orra beggar bodies" at his heels, England has been a second Land of Promise to the necessitous and aspiring Scot, and Bisley is now his particular Goshen. But whatever may be said as to the motives of the Scots for coming to Bisley in such devouring locust-crowds, there can, at least, be no doubt, as again evidenced by the results of this year's meeting, that he generally manages, by superior marksmanship, to return to his hills with the fattest pickings of a feast open to the whole Empire.

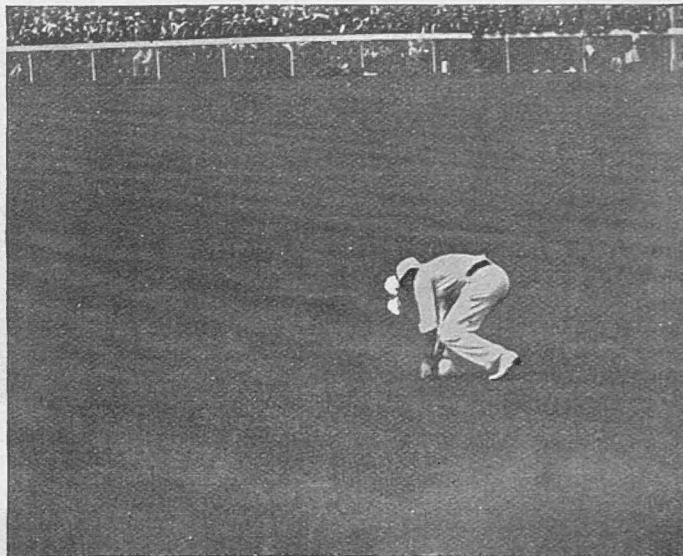
## THE FOURTH TEST MATCH.

The fourth Test Match, played at Manchester, brought out the two qualities we most admire in cricketers—pluck and patience. And two men stand out above all the rest with a beautiful combination of those qualities—Thomas Hayward and Montagu Noble. Each man had to go

had mainly to thank Hayward, who played the game of his life. At the outset of his innings, when the bowling was wonderfully keen, he was slow; but, once set, he gave an exhibition of batting the like of which is rarely seen. His innings contained all the strokes that delight a cricketer, and for over four hours he was master of the finest attack in the world. His 130 was no ordinary century—it was an innings that



JACKSON CHASING THE BALL.



HAYWARD PICKS UP SMARTLY.

to the wickets when disaster had overtaken disaster, and neither finally returned to the Pavilion until his side was safe from defeat. To say that the match was attended by excitement is to put the state of affairs in a mild fashion. As a matter of fact, until the game was certain to end in a draw, spectators at Old Trafford and followers of the game all over the country could think of nothing else. At one moment, when England had lost her four best batsmen for 47 runs, they were in the depths of despondency. When the remaining batsmen, Hayward, Lilley, Brockwell, and Young, had all done well, and Hayward had succeeded beyond all expectation by scoring 130 runs in perfect style, they were exalted on the highest pinnacle of happiness and confidence. They remained there while Bradley and Young, England's boy bowlers, were dismissing the Australians one after another for small scores. Then they were slowly forced to come down again, and, if never returning to the depths to which they sank on the first day of the match, they were mournful enthusiasts when the Kangaroo had, by one of the most marvellous exhibitions of endurance, drawn the game.

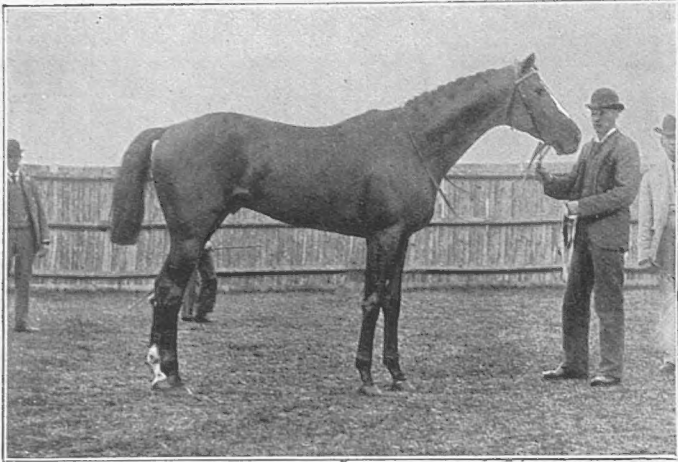
England batted first on a perfect pitch, and, before the Old Country had been dismissed, 372 runs had been scored. For this total, England

ranks with the best and most heroic efforts in the long history of Test Matches. And if Hayward immortalised himself, so likewise did Noble. He, too, started batting amidst disaster, and continued for a while surrounded by it. But, never flurried, his bat was ever face to face with, and over, the ball, and at the end of the first Australian innings he was unbeaten with 60 invaluable runs to his credit. In the second innings he succeeded to an even greater extent. He went in first, and, after batting nearly all Tuesday, continued as imperturbably calm and determined on Wednesday. It was his mission to save Australia. There was only one way to do it. And, having made up his mind, he never flinched. He defended his wicket for close upon nine hours, and scored altogether 149 runs for once out. Never was a defensive innings so admirably played, and never more justified. Besides Noble, Iredale, Worrall, Trumper, and Darling played as only great batsmen can play under adverse conditions. Darling declared his innings closed at 246 for seven wickets, and left England sixty-five minutes in which to make 171 runs. The task was impossible, and, after some slogging, during which three wickets were lost for 94 runs, the game was left drawn. The record now stands: Australia, 1 win; England, 0; drawn games, 3.

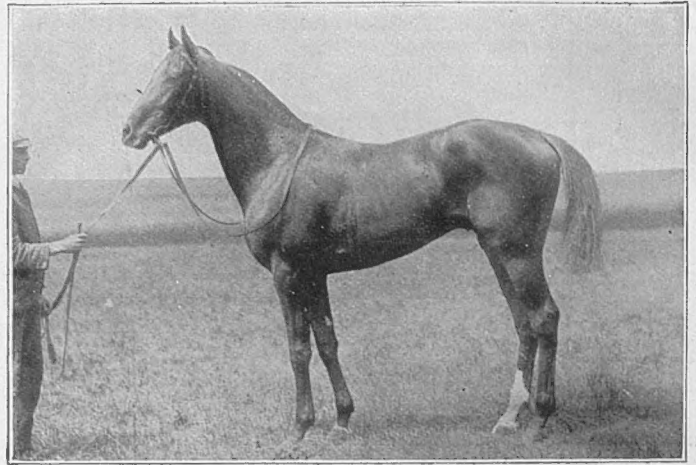


YOUNG BOWLING TO WORRALL IN THE AUSTRALIANS' FIRST INNINGS.

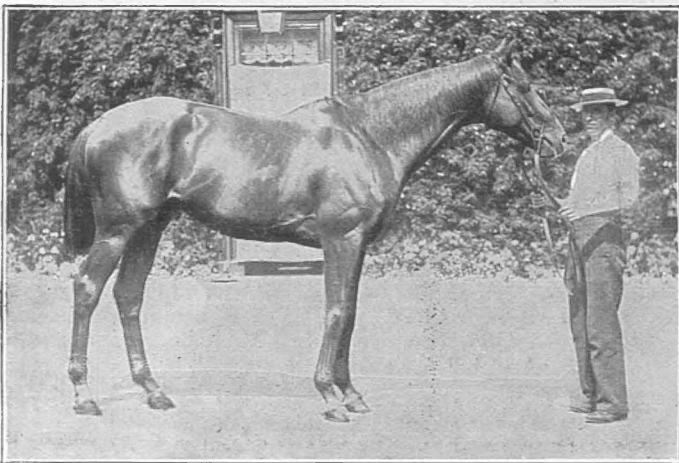
## SOME OF THE RUNNERS AT GOODWOOD.



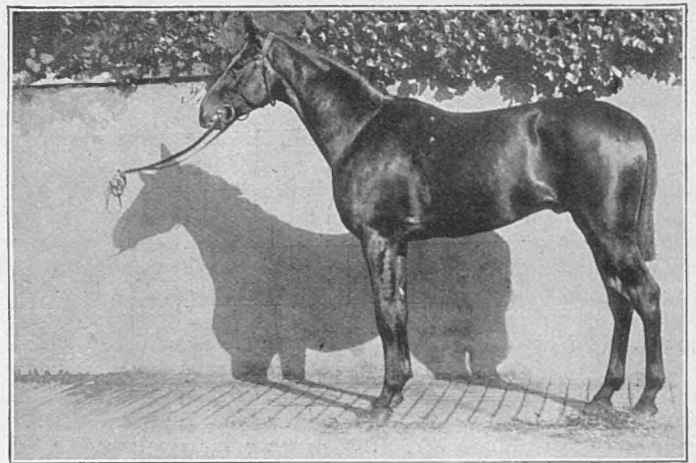
LORD WOLVERTON'S UGLY.



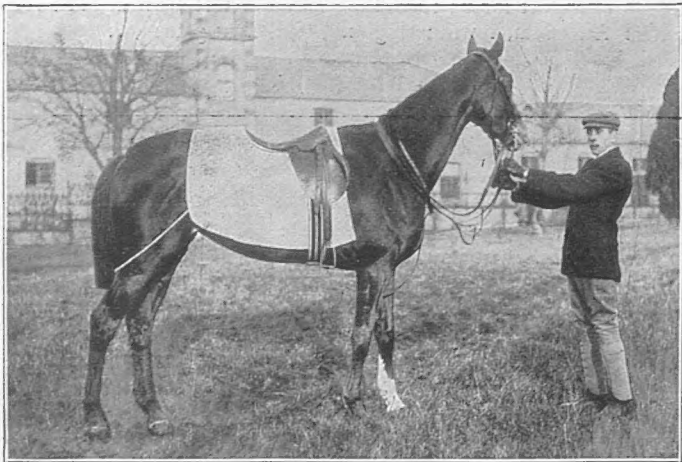
SIR WILLIAM INGRAM'S COURSER.



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SIR J. THURSBY'S VICTOR DON.



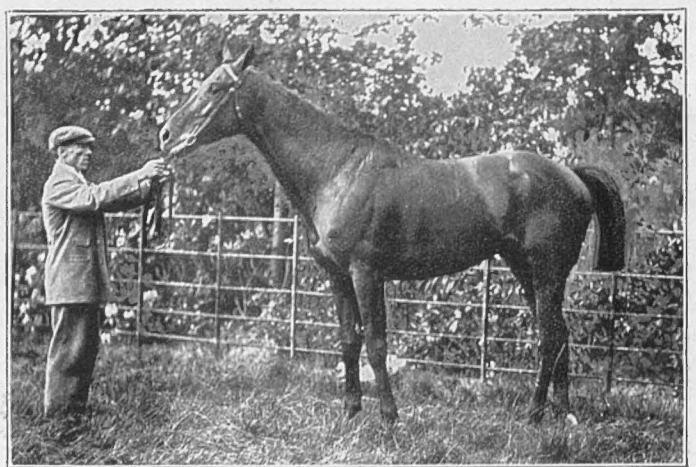
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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Queen looked in the pink of health at the fancy fair held in the beautiful grounds of Bagshot Park, the Duke of Connaught's home, in aid of the organ and restoration fund of Bagshot Parish Church, where the Duke worships. The Queen visited the fair on Wednesday, and was charming to everybody, including the redoubtable Jaggers. Her Majesty made several purchases and attracted a lot of attention as she ambled round the grounds in her quaint little donkey-chaise which we all know.

The heat has driven many members from the House of Commons. Duty to constituents is all very well, but, with the temperature nearly ninety degrees in the shade, London ceases to be attractive to politicians. There has consequently been a great demand for "pairs," and the demand has been encouraged as much as possible by the Government Whips, who speed the parting talker with wonderfully good grace. The pity is that the talker is so much less inclined to go than the silent member. He is afraid lest the



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S HOME AT BAGSHOT, WHERE THE FANCY FAIR WAS HELD LAST WEEK.



THE QUEEN DRIVING ROUND THE BAZAAR.

business of the nation be transacted too quickly, or his name be forgotten for a week by admiring constituents. In these hot days and nights the Terrace by the river is the most comfortable and popular resort. It looks very gay when the ladies take tea, or saunter after dinner with the members. The fair sex has not yet tired of the Terrace. Not only country visitors with last year's fashions, but ladies of Society quite enjoy a cup of tea there. Instead of sitting in the Gallery, fair visitors peep into the House at the principal doorway, linger in the Lobbies to recognise notable statesmen, and cross to the Gilded Chamber to see Lord Salisbury, who ignores their existence. A cup of tea afterwards enables them to thoroughly understand the working of the Parliamentary machine.

One advantage of the heat is that it has introduced some colour into the House of Commons. Perhaps the Commons are more conservative in matters of dress than any other company of men. Although the etiquette of former times has relaxed a little, the great majority of members would no more dream of abandoning the silk-hat than the Speaker would think of taking the Chair without his

wig and gown. Fortunately, however, some variety is introduced in hot July. Grey coats take the place of black, light-coloured waistcoats become common, and white hats are worn even by some of the sticklers for etiquette. Sir Edward Clarke is fond of light greys; so are the Chamberlains, *père et fils*; and Sir James Joicey has been a harmony in cool greys and whites. Some members wear straw hats, but in a self-conscious, timid manner. They carry the comfortable but unconventional things in their hands, and scarcely ever wear them inside the House. Dr. Clark, Mr. Weir, and Mr. Pirie are among the revolutionists in this article of dress. Mr. Rothschild also has a hat of fine straw, but it is as high as a silk hat. Then there are the white ducks. Whenever the hot weather arrives, the ducks are donned by Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles and Mr. Macartney, the Secretary to the Admiralty. Mr. Macartney's naval colleague, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, has also adopted this daring costume, and among other imitators are two smart Scotchmen, Mr. Munro Ferguson, the Laird of "Novar," and Mr. Ian Malcolm, who on a celebrated occasion in Russia wore a kilt, which the Muscovite had not seen before.



PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.

That was a strange experience that befell two Bradford gentlemen the other day. Mr. Reuben Bramhall, who has made a large number of successful aerial voyages, was using a comparatively new balloon, called "The Lord Masham," of 28,000 cubic feet capacity. Two friends



A BALLOON THAT RAN AWAY WITH A  
BRADFORD TOWN COUNCILLOR.

Photo by Fox, Bradford.

had arranged to accompany him. Everything was in readiness for a start a few minutes before seven o'clock; the two visitors were in the car, and Mr. Bramhall stood on the edge of the car as the word "Let go" was given. Just then a strong gust carried the balloon, almost level with the ground, against some laurel-bushes in the Park, and Mr. Bramhall was dragged violently from the balloon, but alighted unhurt among the bushes. Mr. Bramhall weighs 16 stone, and, relieved of his weight, the balloon rose with great rapidity. About

ten thousand people were in the Park, and, as soon as the danger of the situation was realised, the crowd behaved as if panic-stricken. A rush was made for the gates, especially by the women and children, and at each of the entrances to the Park there was for several minutes a very ugly block. Some expected the two passengers to throw themselves out, others thought they would take some means of bringing down the balloon at once. The balloon soon attained an altitude of 6000 feet, and travelled for miles. Neither of the occupants were acquainted with the art of aeronautics, but they set themselves to study the balloon, and ultimately managed to make a safe descent fifty minutes later at Best Spa, twenty-seven miles from Boston.

Those of my readers who are interested in genealogy should read Mr. Philip Sidney's "Memoirs of the Sidney Family," now represented by Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, published by Fisher Unwin. It is an extraordinary thing that publishers cannot be got to insist that indices should be made to books of this kind, which, after all, must largely be reckoned works of reference. In this respect I must praise "Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys, 1756-1803," which Messrs. Longman have just issued. The most interesting thing in the book is the description of the famous Hell Fire Club, which was maintained by the notorious Lord de Spenser at Medmenham Abbey.

Here is another four-generations picture, the subjects in which all bear the same name—Lashmore. The portraits are those of Mrs. Thomas Lashmore, of Southampton, who was born in London in 1811, and is, therefore, in her eighty-eighth year; Mr. Henry Lashmore, her second son, a well-known Hampshire journalist, a Fellow of the Institute of Journalists, and now holding the office of Deputy-Chairman of the Committee of Administration of that body in succession to Mr. Alex. Paul; his son, Mr. Ernest Ward Lashmore, F.S.I., who is a District Surveyor under the Corporation of Bristol; and his "long-clothed" son—two months old when the picture was taken—Harry Leonard. Mrs. Lashmore, who has lived in Southampton for about sixty years, and became a widow in 1875, still enjoys an active life, her only physical infirmity being deafness. She works regularly with her needle, which she threads herself. She is mother of seven sons and two daughters, all of whom but two sons are still living. She has thirteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren living, the young gentleman whom she is holding



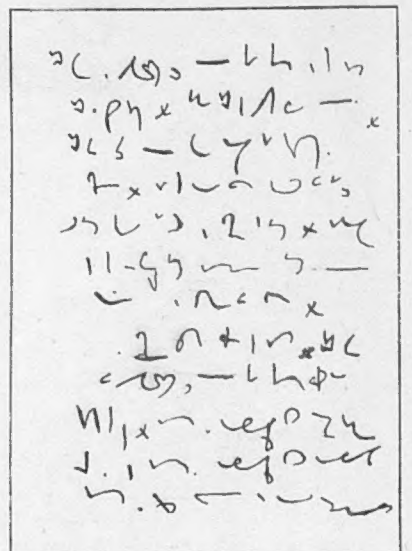
FOUR GENERATIONS.

Photo by Debenham and Smith, Southampton.

in the picture being the eldest among the latter. Mr. Henry Lashmore, as a Member of the Council of the Institute and Deputy-Chairman of the Committee, received at the hands of Sir Wemyss Reid, the President, at a meeting of the Council at the London Offices in Fleet Street on Saturday, the 8th inst., a solid silver cigar-box suitably inscribed, and a solid silver inkstand for his wife, subscribed for by his colleagues on the Council and Committee, on the occasion of his second marriage, last month. His venerable mother, whose hair is not so grey as his own, was the principal guest at the wedding, and heartily enjoyed what she termed "the fun of the thing."

The announcement that a mural tablet has been placed in the Parish Church of Ealing to the memory of the Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, who died last year, and who was the father of Sir Spencer Walpole, late Secretary to the Post Office, and of Sir Horatio Walpole, Assistant Under-Secretary for India, recalls to mind the fact that next month that venerable old lady, Miss Perceval, who was the sister-in-law of Mr. Spencer Walpole, attains her ninety-fourth year. Miss Perceval, who still resides at Ealing, was scarcely seven years of age when her father, who was Prime Minister, was assassinated in the Lobby of the House of Commons by a disappointed Russian merchant of the name of Bellingham, but she, nevertheless, has a distinct recollection of the circumstances associated with this fell tragedy. How absolutely unimpaired are this old lady's faculties may be gathered from the fact that she retains to this day a vivid recollection of a visit which she paid, with her mother and nine of her brothers and sisters, to George III. and his Queen at Windsor Castle. That she made no little impression upon her royal hostess may be gathered from the fact that the Queen took her aside to the Terrace, where they walked hand-in-hand for some time, chatting pleasantly the while.

With the original drawings of artists, readers of periodicals are familiar, but with the original shorthand notes of newspaper representatives they are not acquainted. In the pursuit of his calling the reporter gets upon his books and scraps of paper many notes which tell sorry tales. Of such one is given herewith, which represents the speech in the dock of a man who has been found guilty of murder, and is pleading for his life: "I did not think the revolver would go at the time. I thought I hadn't it ready for going. I did not think it would go off until I pulled the trigger. I had no more notion that I would shoot her if I was to drop dead here." So the prisoner said, but he did not save his life.



A CONDEMNED MAN'S PLEA FOR LIFE.  
As reproduced in a Reporter's Note-book.

There is one shop in London that, being interested in literary landmarks, I always take my country cousins to see, while it attracts myself on account of its excellent wares. It is the quaint tobacco tabernacle of Carreras, in Wardour Street, where I always go for "Craven Mixture," the famous baccy that Mr. Barrie spoke of in "My Lady Nicotine." The mixture was invented, I think, by a former Lord Craven. It makes a very delightful smoke, and is almost the only baccy I know that has been really immortalised by a man of letters.

The hundreds of folks who in the course of the next few weeks will be leaving London for the magnificently bracing air of that district of the Eastern counties known as "Poppy Land," might do worse than peruse a very interesting little pamphlet by Mr. George Beckett, who is, I believe, a prosperous trader of Overstrand. Mr. Beckett's little book, which is styled "The Vale of Health; or, Overstrand and Sidestrand," is most evidently a labour of love. In it he has given us the result of much careful archaeological research, much present useful information, many excellent descriptions of buildings and scenery, and has illustrated the work with well-reproduced pictures of places and people prominent in the country for which he so evidently has a sincere admiration and affection. The book is published by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons at a very moderate price.

The art of facsimile has been excellently carried out in the edition of Coleridge's Poems of which Messrs. Constable have printed three hundred copies. The late Mr. Dykes Campbell printed the much-talked-of draft of "Love" in the British Museum, but died before the prefacing notes were written. Mr. Hale White has now issued the poem, prefacing it with the first part of the manuscript in the possession of Mr. R. A. Potts. The notes and manuscript are printed on bluish paper, while the poem itself is on yellow paper, the whole forming a most curious production which will be of extreme interest to students of poetry in general and of Coleridge in particular.

What a delightful idea the Palm Court in the new Carlton Hotel is! I have watched this stately edifice rear its head for many months, and I have taken a keen interest in the rapid completion of the great guest-house under Messrs. Waring. The result is magnificent, and adds enormously to the architectural significance of the West End. Everybody who is anybody has been to see the Palm Court, and you may note that the long line of carriages has once more begun to stand in Pall Mall, which has been bereft of such equipages since the days before the old Opera House shut. The Palm Court will be widely imitated.

Tunbridge Wells had something of its old splendour on Friday, when the Cattle Show of the South-Eastern Counties was held. How different it all was a century and fifty years ago, when, as my picture shows, the lights of England burned there brightly, and Beau Austin went down to strut upon the Pantiles.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Charles Henry Granville Gordon, the son of Lord Granville Gordon, and the heir after him to the Marquisate of Huntly. Only nineteen years old, he had just been gazetted to the Gordon Highlanders, with which regiment his family have been connected since its origin, over a hundred years ago. He had put in part of his training with the 3rd Battalion (Militia) at Aberdeen, and on the last day of the training he joined in some time-honoured customs of the officers, and tried to get into the rooms of his cousin, also an officer in the Gordons, by climbing along a water-spout. The spout gave way, and the poor boy was thrown to the ground and died from the effects. Like all his family, he was exceedingly handsome, and he possessed their indomitable good-humour and that "gameness" which has always characterised them through every misfortune. He has an only brother, Granville Cecil Douglas Gordon, who is seventeen and may yet be Marquis.

The most curious piece of schoolboy journalism that I have come across for some time is called the *Yellow Dragon*, an octavo of

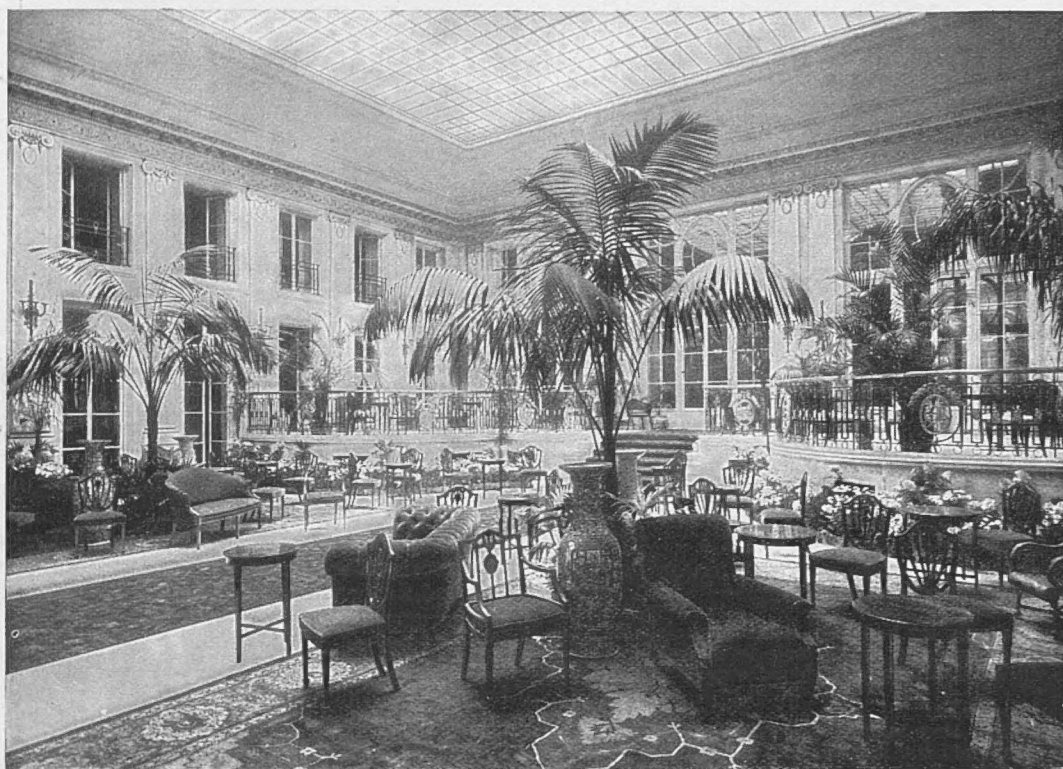
twenty pages in a coloured wrapper, price ten cents. It is conducted in the interests of the students of Queen's College, Hong-Kong, and is absolutely the first Anglo-Chinese school magazine that has ever been started. "The chief editor and the fighting editor are both Chinese, while the sub-editor and the financial editor are English." Some parts of it are printed in Chinese, which I cannot read, of course. The rest of it is bright.

From the School Notes, I learn that the recent Inter-Chinese cricket matches that were got up in the playground have brought to light "two more pleasing facts: firstly, that under certain conditions it is possible for the Chinese to become very enthusiastic over cricket; and secondly, that the College possesses more than one Ranjitsinhji."

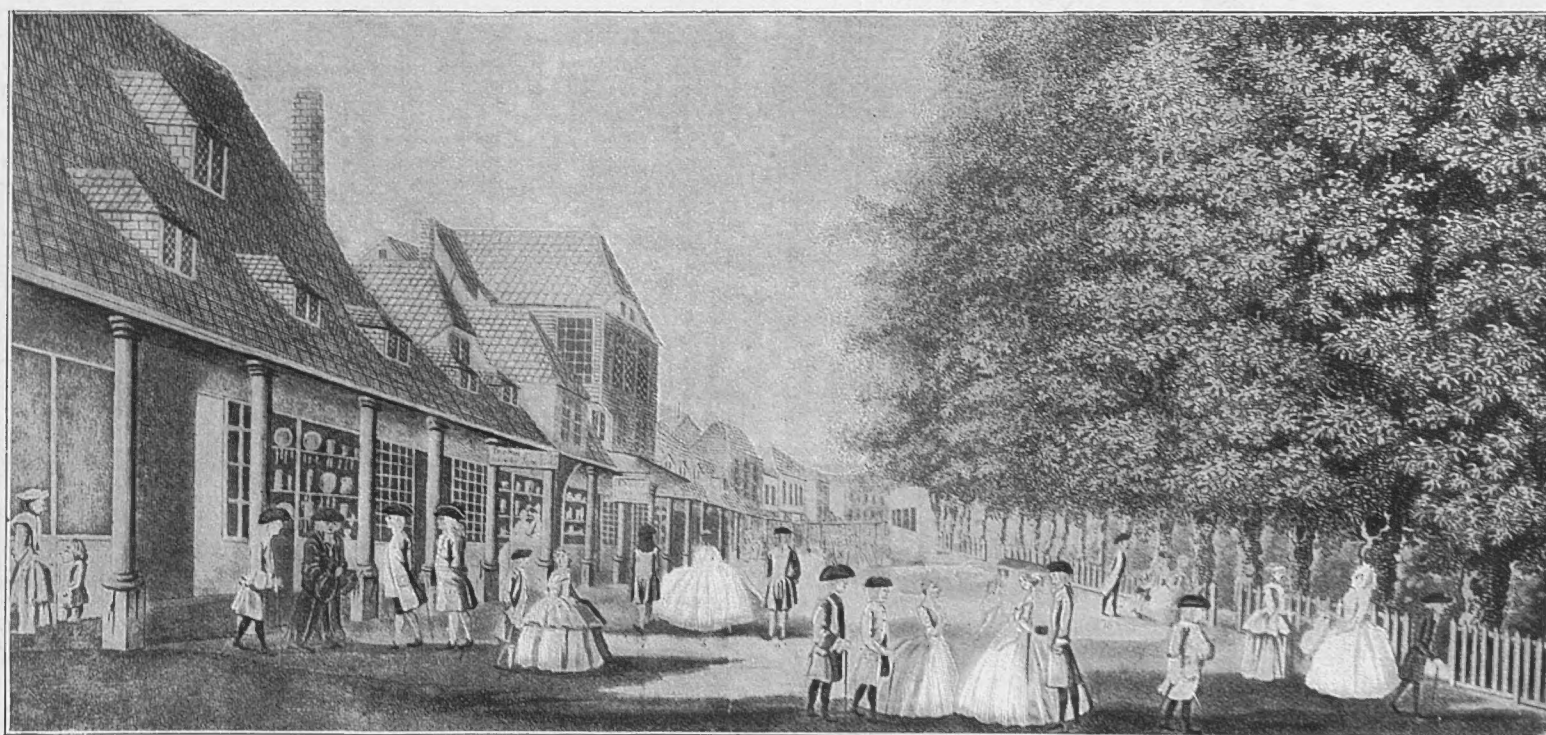
St. Malo inaugurated its Casino some days ago, when fully two thousand guests were packed into the new and well-appointed building. Sir George Duntze, Colonel Forbes, and all the *hoi-polloi* of the neighbouring Paramé and Dinard

invaded the pleasant little town. Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Madame Réjane are already promised, while many other celebrated artists of all nationalities will appear during the season at the Casino. Besides its ball-room, café, American bar, and theatre, there is a special salon for those who love the little tin jockeys of the *petits chevaux*. There will also be a private Club, to which all-comers of position will have the *entrée*.

While the London and North-Western Railway Company are this season making a speciality of Ireland as a tourist ground for the English holiday-maker, and are running frequent cheap excursions to Ireland, they are also catering for the Irish tourist who may wish to visit the Continent, London, or other important and interesting places in England. A series of cheap excursions will be run fortnightly this season to the end of September. The excursionists leave Dublin (North Wall) by the ordinary evening express-boat sailing at 9.10 p.m. on Aug. 4 and 18, and Sept. 1, 15, and 29. The fares are extremely low, and the service in comfort and speed can leave nothing to be desired.



A FASHIONABLE RESORT OF TO-DAY: THE PALM COURT AT THE CARLTON HOTEL.



Dr. Johnson.

Gibber, Garrick.

Pitt.

Lyttleton, Richardson.

Mrs. Johnson.

A FASHIONABLE RESORT OF YESTERDAY: TUNBRIDGE WELLS IN 1748.

Heresy as it may seem, I have a very great sympathy with the correspondent of the *Phoenix* (which is delightfully impudent, and certainly the best twopennyworth I know), who writes a letter about the Thames, under the title, "The Damnation of the River." It is difficult to understand how anybody goes up the river on a Sunday with the idea of being quiet, when, as the correspondent declares, a launch may be "merely two hundred feet of Walworth Road transported bodily, and a crew of concertinas, tepid beer, pink shirts, and vulgarity. The Thames," adds the writer, "is now an obsolete consideration; it is merely a continuation of Piccadilly." There is certainly a great deal of truth in this contention, and, as one who loves a quiet life and wearies of the racket of the "Johnnie," I pass on the criticism and clinch it in my own way—

There's a shiver in the river,  
For the house-boats are ablock,  
And the Cockney plies the craziest canoes;  
There is punting, there is bunting,  
And there's crowding in the lock,  
And such noisy ditty-singing by the crews.  
Ah! the river is hysteric since the peaceful days of Herrick,  
With his Phyllises and Corydons and Prues.

All my "panels" dress in flannels  
And display the loudest ties,  
While they revel in the brightest kammerband,  
Then the blazer (an amazer)  
Is an object of surprise,  
That would shock the people living on the land;  
And the florid floating phaeton has destroyed the Thames that Drayton  
Praised in couplets that a poet can command.

Gods, deliver this our river  
From the scurry and the noise,  
And return it to its sylvan glades of yore.  
Send the bounders and the flounders  
To some other sort of joys—  
Can't you simply try and drop them on the shore?  
For the songs of Billie Barlow are a jarring note in Marlow,  
Where the spirit of rusticity should soar.

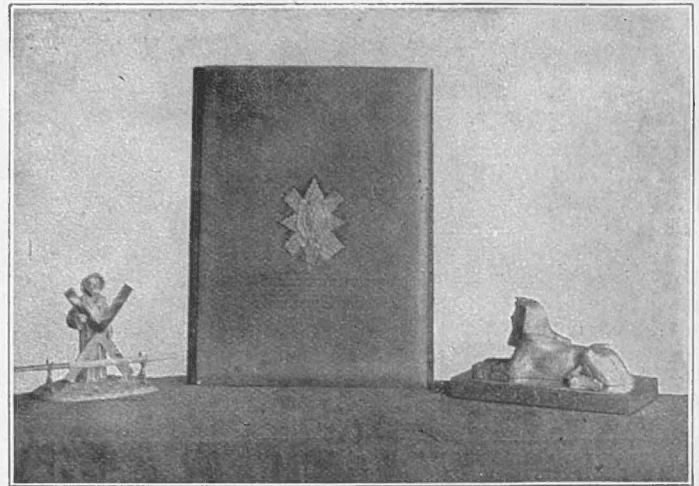
I am weary of the dreary  
Sort of music-hall they make  
On the river 'mid the lanterns and the light,  
For one sickens of the Dickens  
Touch of London in one's wake  
When one tries to put the City out of sight.  
For this racket is redundant when I go for peace abundant,  
Like a worker who is pining for the night.

Give me Henley, *minus* Penley  
And the Cockney on the loose,  
With his Johnnie-like intrusion of my dream;  
For the babble of the rabble,  
Which declines to stretch a truce,  
Always silences the babble of the stream.  
For the river still is stately, if we took it but sedately,  
Like the poets who once took it as their theme.



THIS WOMAN ONCE RECEIVED A POISONED BOUQUET.

The officers of the 3rd Battalion Black Watch have presented the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha with a solid silver writing equipage, figured on this page, as a silver-wedding present. The makers, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, have ingeniously



A PRESENT TO THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

introduced the badges of the regiment into the design. The inkstand is in the form of the Sphinx, the pen-rack represents St. Andrew and his cross, and the writing-book bears the full badge in relief. The book bears an appropriate inscription.

The removal of the remains of Robert Burns in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries, from the family burying-ground to the rather tasteless mausoleum visited by all worshippers of the poet, was the cause of not a little excitement, which recalls what took place recently at Nellfield Cemetery, Aberdeen. Mr. John McDiarmid, of the *Dumfries Courier*, who was an eye-witness, has left on record that even then the churchyard was crowded with monuments and memorials of the dead, and that up till 1830 at least £13,000 had been expended in tombstones and other memorials of the dead. The visitor must be struck with the overcrowded appearance of the monuments to-day. Early in the century, public subscriptions flowed freely in towards the proposal to erect an adequate memorial over the dust of Burns. Mr. Hunt, of London, furnished a design for the mausoleum, which was completed in 1815 at a cost of £1500, but Mr. McDiarmid regrets that Mr. Chantrey was not employed for the sculpture inside. It was impossible to erect the mausoleum over the remains of Burns in the family burying-ground, as the space was too confined. It was therefore arranged that the remains be removed as secretly as possible to their new resting-place.

The disinterment was fixed for Sept. 19, 1815. Mr. Grierson, Secretary to the Committee, Mr. James Thomas, superintendent of the movement, Mr. Milligan, builder, and Mr. Bogie, Terraughty, proceeded to the place ere the sun rose to get the work over before the observing eye of even early-rising Dumfries folks was upon them. In spite of their precautions, a considerable number of Dumfries folks were gathered at the locked cemetery-gates, watching the proceedings with strange curiosity. Mrs. Burns, widow of the poet, had been previously so moved by the proceedings that she had retired to the country to be out of the way. The inscription on the original tombstone was as follows—

In memory of Robert Burns, who died the 21st July, 1796, in the 37th year of his age; and Maxwell Burns, who died the 25th April, 1799, aged 2 years and 9 months; also of Francis Wallace Burns, who died the 9th July, 1803, aged 14 months.

On opening the grave the coffins of the two boys were found in a fairly entire state, and were easily removed to the mausoleum. The coffin of Robert Burns yielded, however, to the slightest pressure, and disclosed the remains of the poet, "exhibiting the features of one who had newly sunk into the sleep of death—the lordly forehead, arched and high, the scalp still covered with hair, and the teeth perfectly firm and white." When they tried to insert a shell or case below the coffin, the remains were disturbed, the head separated from the trunk, and the whole body, except the bones, crumbled into dust. The dust of the poet was carefully collected, placed in a new coffin, and found a resting-place in the mausoleum, and has never since been disturbed.

So Mary Ansell had to go, despite the *Daily Mail*. A correspondent writes me—

I am glad that the law visited its full penalties on Ansell, all the more in view of the fact that she was insane. I think that our humanitarianism has reached a suicidal point when it advocates the keeping of homicidal maniacs, at an enormous expense to the ratepayers, in a palatial prison-asylum, to turn them adrift, perhaps, a few years later, on a defenceless community, and with the terrible possibility of their reproducing their species. I should precisely reverse the present law, and save the man who murders another in a passion, while all hopelessly diseased minds of the type of Mary Ansell would go by the board in the way I have indicated.

The Poison-by-Post is a sort of craze that goes in waves. Here, for example, is the American actress who received a poisoned bouquet. There is a certain grim irony in her posing as Justice.

A three-legged pony is to be seen at the Royal Aquarium. The pony, which has been imported into this country from South Africa, appears to suffer very little inconvenience from the lack of the limb, which is the near fore one. In addition to being minus its leg, this remarkable pony shows no trace of a shoulder, while the remaining fore leg, which might be expected to show signs of fulness, is perfectly clean and cool. There is nothing whatever unpleasant about the show. The pony was born last November.

To this mule attaches the distinction of having thrown the entire population of the Indian town of Kapurthala into a state of uneasy wonder, and at the same time of having drawn upon herself the eyes of scientific naturalists throughout the world. She is only a transport-mule, and not a very striking specimen at that; but she achieved fame by doing what no mule has ever done before, namely, giving birth to a foal, whose father is supposed to have been a pony which, like the mule, was a humble member of the Tirah Field Force. Inasmuch as the circumstances of the case were vouched for only by native testimony, the naturalists, finding no precedent in their books, accepted the story



A FOAL THAT IS SAID TO HAVE HAD A MULE FOR A MOTHER.

with reserve. The pundits of Kapurthala consulted the stars and sacred Hindoo writings to discover what this strange event might portend, but it does not appear that they gleaned any satisfaction from these sources, both the solar system and the *shastras* being silent on an event which has no precedent.

The French are beginning to interest themselves in the welfare of animals. A sign of the new spirit is the outcry made all over France at the scandalous bull-and-lion fight at Roubaix the other day. It is true that a Society against cruelty to animals has long existed at Paris, but it is not very militant; one hears of it in general only when it makes its accounts public at the end of the year. The cruel condition of the horses of Paris is witness to its little ardour, and no truer epigram runs than that which credits Paris with being the horse's Sheol. This movement, then, is recent. M. Zola was the pioneer. Two years ago his newspaper articles on tenderness to beasts were looked upon as an eccentricity. His enemies called him, scoffingly, "L'Ami des Bêtes." Since then the idea has made strides. A journal called *L'Ami des Bêtes* has been founded; a cemetery for dogs has been opened, which, though it created a sensation, has been well received; and two volumes of essays have just appeared, written by Academicians, of whom one is Pierre Loti, that devote a considerable space to invoking pity for beasts.

The Paris Dog Cemetery has been located on the Ile des Ravageurs, in the Seine, above Paris, a spot made famous by Eugène Sue, who terrorised a whole generation with the dramatic recital of a sinister inn placed in the middle of the bridge, refuge of the pirates of the Seine.



A THREE-LEGGED PONY AT THE AQUARIUM.

Photo by Bampton, Royal Aquarium.

A superb monument is to be raised upon the bridge, and at the entrance to the cemetery will be a splendid stone gateway with forged iron grill, flanked with a building on each side, in elegant arcades, depositories of cinerary jars—for the dogs that like may choose cremation; and this entrance will lead into a garden of flowers and bouquets, destination of good dogs when they die. The first Tou-Tou was buried there the other day, followed by mourners and flowers, and the event took up more space in the newspapers than would have been accorded to a General or a Judge.

The perplexed paterfamilias with clamouring brood and circumscribed wallet-strings cannot better quiet one and unloose the other than by fixing on one of the many charming places around the get-at-able French coast for his forthcoming autumn outing. Take Dieppe, for instance, which comes nearest to one's mind in this connection, and which the outlay of reaching is small; where the cost of living is of a gratifying moderation, the sea is blue, and the sands are cheerful; while for an evening's entertainment the Casino affords an ever-changing kaleidoscopic array of sensational impressions. Again, to those of a pastoral turn, who eschew delights of a towny order, there is a most delightful countryside to be negotiated for cycling, driving, or other wayside relaxations. The town itself overflows with comfortable hotels and moderately priced boarding-houses, and those who have not yet ranged themselves and are perplexed by many desires cannot well do



THE MULE AND ITS FOAL.

better than apply to the English Pharmacy, in the Grande Rue, where all one's possible queries are replied to with the utmost willingness to oblige.

Mr. Hugh Swain has sketched and engraved a series of scenes round about Weymouth and Portland. The book, which costs a shilling, will be useful to tourists in that part of the world.

This bird from berry and grub-eating has risen—or, from a vegetarian's point of view, has fallen—to flesh-eating, and, like the Abyssinians, prefers its meat fresh, and takes it out of the living sheep, settling on the back, and with its formidable beak tearing away till it reaches the kidney-fat which is its favourite food. In colour it is dark green, with red and yellow under the wings. This habit of the Kea is a source of



A PARROT THAT KILLS SHEEP.

great anxiety and expense to the run-holders on sheep-runs in the high country of New Zealand. Its depredations have led to a bonus ranging from half-a-crown to five shillings, according to the season and class of country, for each head brought in; while on some stations, at certain periods of the year, men do nothing else but shoot Keas. Thousands of sheep are killed annually by this pest, and, as they frequent the most inaccessible spots, it renders their extermination a matter of great difficulty, though, I suppose, like everything else, it is only a question of time and closer settlement when the Kea will be doomed.

There are various explanations or theories as to the way in which this bird developed its remarkable taste for the kidney-fat of the live sheep. On most stations the skins off the

slaughtered sheep are thrown over the nearest fence to dry, and some authorities contend that the Kea, driven by necessity to seek for other food, found the pickings of flesh and fat left on the skin to its taste, and this led to its seeking more on the animal itself, and tearing through the wool and skin on the back till it reached the kidney-fat, killing the unhappy sheep and leaving a gaping wound about the size of one's hand.

Other authorities equally well-informed say that the bird was accustomed in the early days to find its food in the shape of grubs, of which it was very fond, in a plant of peculiar growth, known as the "vegetable sheep." This is in appearance, when growing, not unlike a freshly shorn sheep lying down, and is of considerable size. The Keas tore this to pieces to get at the grubs which made their home inside the plant. Then, when sheep were introduced, a dead one was found, and, being deceived by the likeness to the plant which contained their natural food, the Keas tore away at the back till the flesh was reached, and, finding the new food to their liking, they gradually acquired the taste, first eating the fat of the dead sheep, then attacking weak stragglers, till they acquired confidence and power to attack any one of a flock, the strongest of which they readily kill.

Apart from this horrible habit, the Kea makes a most interesting pet, though fearfully destructive. In its wild state it is not less amusing, particularly to climbers in the high Alps of New Zealand. The birds frequent their camps in large numbers, and are so tame that they may be approached within a few feet, though if scared they go off with their harsh cry of "Ke-a, ke-a," from which they take their name. If a man lies down on the ground or snow, the birds will in a few minutes settle on his body and pull his clothes about with a familiarity that is difficult to believe, but at the least movement off they fly for a few feet, only to return a moment after. Nothing about a camp is sacred from their inquisitive habits, and it is unwise to leave anything which they can destroy within reach of that all-powerful beak.

A magnificent sterling silver racing trophy has been modelled by Mappin and Webb, of Queen Victoria Street, to the order of a Northern Indian potentate, whose identity I am not at liberty to disclose. The vase is the largest of its kind ever modelled. Beautifully done, with its graceful outlines and contour in the ancient Grecian style, its general ornamentation is in the richest Italian Renaissance, the two distinct schools having been most happily blended by the artist. The centre



A MAGNIFICENT RACING TROPHY.

panels, both obverse and reverse, portray the old Roman God of Victory, with chariot and horses boldly modelled in alto-relief, and emblematical of the purpose for which the trophy has been designed.

It is well known that the mildest-mannered bird will fight in defence of its young, but before last week I never realised the full extent of a mother-bird's courage. I was walking over some fields on a farm in the heart of the country, and paused under a hedge to light a pipe. Just then I heard some fluttering of wings, as though two birds were fighting, and then a young hawk rose from a bank, hotly pursued by a partridge. The two circled round the corner of the field twice, coming within a few yards of the pink-thorn bush by which I stood, and I saw that the hawk was a young one, and the partridge one of the red-legged, or French variety. After completing two circles, the hawk rose high in the air, higher than the partridge flies; but the plucky mother followed her foe, and the two passed quickly out of sight in the shadow of a thick copse. Now, the sight of a hawk hovering over a field is usually enough to make all the partridges huddle together in the grass, and the dummy "kite" is often used by sportsmen who wish to walk within range of the birds. I searched along the bank and found several baby birds, and then retired to the hedge. Soon the mother-bird returned alone and began to call the young ones round her. What happened to the hawk I can't say. None of the natives had ever seen a partridge in pursuit of a hawk.

Some months ago came the announcement that a Canadian General Service medal was about to be issued, and some correspondents wrote to *The Sketch* asking for information as to whether they were eligible as applicants. The medal has not even yet been issued, nearly thirty years since the Red River Expedition; but it seems that there has been a difficulty over the colour of the ribbon. It was intended to use the same colours—bright red and dark blue—as for the Canadian North-West Rebellion of 1885, but this did not meet the views of the men entitled to the medal for 1870, so the Dominion Government—who provide the funds for the issue—have submitted a ribbon of two red stripes and a centre one of yellow for the approval of the Queen. Among the recipients of the medal will be the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir William Butler (now at the Cape), and Major-General H. McCalmont, C.B.



A SAMPLER WORKED IN SILK.

The addition of an extra battalion each to the Coldstream and Scots Guards—although, as yet, only one has been raised—has placed the authorities in a curious dilemma, for the supply of bearskin head-dresses has apparently run out. Unlike the fleece of the sheep, in the case of the bear you can't "cut and come again," and, as *The Sketch* pointed out some time ago, there was bound to come a time when bearskins would become scarce. A writer in an evening paper points out that only the Grenadier Guards and the Scots Greys are entitled to the bearskin, as Grenadier regiments, and that the Coldstream and Scots Guards have no right to wear it. It is quite true that the Grenadier Guards and the Scots Greys are the only regiments of Grenadiers in the British Army; but the Scots Greys have not, as he said, worn the Grenadier cap "since their formation, when they used to throw the hand-grenade." It was adopted by the "Greys" as a mark of distinction after Ramillies (fought in 1706), and the regiment was raised in 1678. However, the "Greys" assumed the bearskin when it superseded the Grenadier cloth cap in 1762, and the Grenadiers, of course, won the right to wear it at Waterloo, where they defeated the French Grenadiers, only the Grenadier company of the regiment having hitherto worn it. It will be curious if the Guards and "Greys" have to revert to the conical cloth cap still worn by the Prussian Foot Guards.

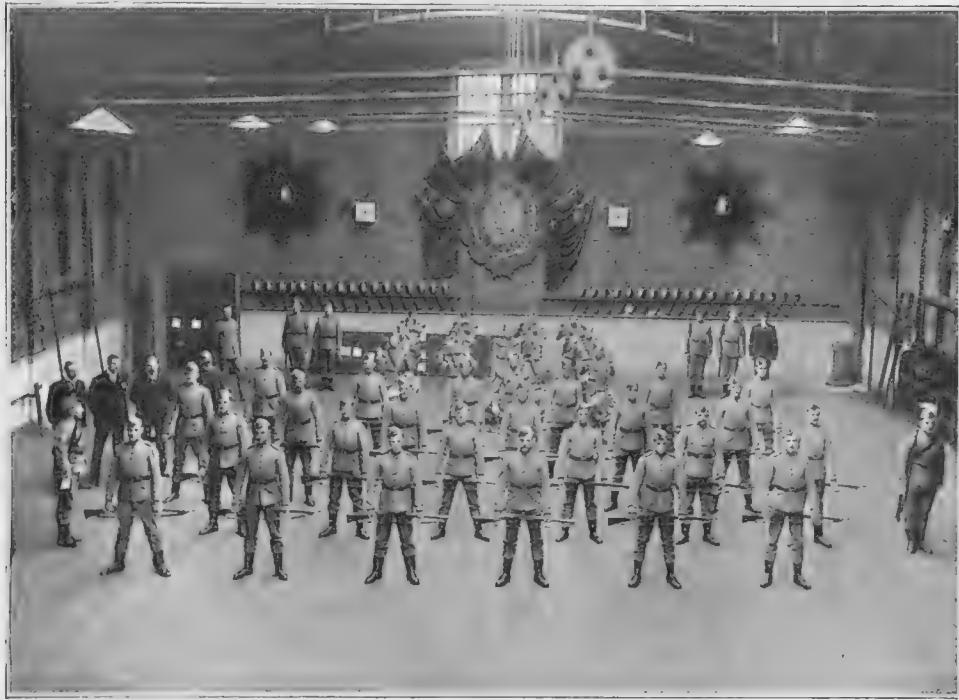
By the way, the history of the Scots Greys affords a peculiar parallel case to that of the Irishman who joined the 76th to be near his brother in the 77th, for in Marlborough's campaign one of the Greys, who had been nicknamed the "Pretty Dragoon," was among the wounded, and while her wounds were being dressed her sex was discovered. It turned out that her husband had left her and enlisted in the Dragoons, so, dressed in male attire, she had gone in search of him, and, being unsuccessful, had enlisted—the medical examination was not so strict in those days—in the 2nd, or "Royal Regiment of Scots Dragoons," and at length discovered her husband as a private in the 1st, or "Royal Regiment of Dragoons." However, it seems the erring Dragoon's claim

was not so strong as that of her regiment, for after her recovery she was fitted out as a vivandière by the officers of the "Greys," and "followed the drum" till the Peace of Utrecht, when she received a pension of a

over his neatly folded jacket in the middle foreground had the most wonderfully long and silky coat, which was vividly coloured, proving him to be a tiger in the prime of life. Experts do not attach much importance to the length of "dressed" skins; but as this tiger's coat measured 12 ft. 2 in. from nose to tail-tip, he was obviously much larger than the average—probably over ten feet long in life.

The Jewish community in Edinburgh has been convulsed by the secession of one of their number, with his wife and family, who have been baptised and received into the Christian Church. The Rev. J. Furst, the Jewish Rabbi in Edinburgh, has denounced the convert as an illiterate person, quite incapable of grasping the principles and responsibilities of the religion he formerly professed, much less to be able to conscientiously satisfy his conscience as to the teachings of a new religion. Mr. Samuel Pinker, the convert, who conducts a tailor's business in the suburbs, has not tamely submitted to these allegations, nor the sneer that it was purely for monetary considerations that he changed his faith. It appears that Mr. David Sandler, an accomplished and cultured Jewish Christian missionary in Edinburgh, who hails from South Russia, had much to do with his change of view. Mr. Pinker had been much dissatisfied with the behaviour of some of his former associates, who gambled and betted on horse-races.

It is four years since David Masson resigned the Chair of English Literature in Edinburgh University, and it will by-and-by be discovered that he has not spent this well-merited relief from Professorial work in indolent ease. It should be remembered, by the way, that the Emeritus-Professor, while he has been connected with the Northern capital for more than three decades, was a denizen of the Metropolis from 1847 till 1865, and that for twelve years of this period he was Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Dr. Masson was the first editor, too, of *Macmillan's Magazine*, now approaching its fortieth birthday, and held that position till his removal to Edinburgh thirty-four years ago. The post of Historiographer Royal for Scotland, to which he was appointed in 1893, is more honorary than onerous, and the genial Emeritus-Professor has been occupied with "odds and ends of his literary work," as he terms some further researches he has been making into the times and life and work of Milton. Now in his seventy-eighth year, the Professor is still enjoying good health, and bears a close resemblance to Thomas Carlyle in his old age.



A CRACK GYMNAST TEAM FROM THE ARTISTS CORPS.

This team got the two first prizes in bayonet and physical drill among the Volunteer and Auxiliary Forces at the Military Tournament. During the last eleven years (except in 1896-1898) they took the first prizes. This photograph is by G. W. Secretan, of Tufnell Park Road.

shilling a-day as "Mrs. Christian Davies," and at her death was buried at Chelsea Hospital with military honours.

Ap[ro]pos of the division of the Royal Artillery into Royal Horse, Royal Field, and Royal Garrison Artillery, it is a little singular to find the Mountain Batteries grouped with the Royal Garrison. Of course, a "Mule Battery" can hardly be a "Horse Battery," but neither can it be considered a "Garrison Battery," which is supposed to be what is termed "Position Artillery." There are ten Mountain Batteries, eight of which are in India, one in Natal, and the other stationed at Newport, Monmouthshire. The Indian Frontier campaign proved that in this branch we are very deficient, for five of the eight—besides seven Native Batteries—were employed, leaving one at Quetta and one in Burma, the remaining Battery being used as a supplying Battery to those in the field. This was soon exhausted, and as the only remaining Native Battery was away in Bhamo, there was absolutely nothing in the way of a Reserve. As a makeshift, a Dépôt was established at Rawal Pindi, which answered fairly well; but the authorities in India have recognised the want by giving consent to the formation of an additional Native Battery. Apparently, up to the present there have been no steps taken to form additional European Batteries, so that, in the event of a Continental War, we have but one Mountain Battery, with no Reserve whatever, and the one at home would, in the case of South African complications, be fully occupied in supplying men and animals to the Battery in Natal.

On a recent occasion I asked for information on behalf of a correspondent about W. Gray, who took part in the Charge of Balaclava with Lord Cardigan. A correspondent who knew him well thinks that his brother, Mr. H. D. Gray, who is at the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, Asylum Road, Old Kent Road, will be pleased to give information concerning the hero. Mr. H. D. Gray, I may add, was formerly proprietor of the Freemason's Tavern, Woolwich Dockyard.

They say that tigers are growing scarce in India, so many and industrious are the sportsmen who seek them; but evidently there are some left if you know where to look and set about their pursuit properly equipped. This bag of twenty was made during the past season in that haunt of tigers and fever known as the Nepaul Terai. They were killed by two native Princes, who, after the fortunate manner of native Princes, could command a score or two of well-trained elephants and as many men as they thought they wanted. The tiger whose head grins at you



A PRINCELY BAG OF TIGERS

Photo by Watts, Calcutta.

Edward Evans, the signalman of Portmadoc, is one of the bravest signalmen in the railway service. Evans is posted at Portmadoc, and is in the employ of the Cambrian Railways Company. Last November, while standing at the bottom of the steps of his cabin, he observed a woman on the line only four yards in advance of an engine. He sprang towards her and lifted her clear of the train. Evans himself was struck by the buffer and knocked against the signal-box. The previous September he had effected another rescue equally as gallant. Again it was a woman, who had become bewildered on the Portmadoc level crossing, and again Evans dragged her from before the train, clearing the engine by about two yards. The Manager of the Cambrian Railways, Mr. C. S. Denniss, brought Evans's conduct under the notice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who awarded Signalman Evans a bronze medal, which was presented the other day by the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House. Evans's own Directors officially commended him and presented him with a substantial reward.



MR. E. EVANS, A HEROIC SIGNALMAN.  
Photo by Maclardy, Oswestry.

The town of Kos, the capital of the small Turkish island of that name lying off the coast of Asia Minor, possesses the oldest tree in the world. Under its shade Hippocrates inculcated his disciples in his methods and views concerning the healing art two thousand years ago. Tradition carries the age of the tree back to the time of Æsculapius (of whom Hippocrates was a lineal descendant), which would add some four hundred years to its age. A great part of the trunk is built round, and there is a fountain known as Hippocrates' Fountain. The circumference of the trunk is thirty feet, and there are two main lower branches, which are supported by masonry columns, the higher branches being helped by poles. The tree shows the greatest vitality, being covered with fruit, and forms a vast leafy canopy for several open-air cafés which are established beneath.

The other day I wrote some verses on the peeress of the period who was perpetually on the boom. The craving for notoriety which the "nobility" have come to possess is extraordinary! I return to the subject on this occasion because I have just received two letters, in one of which a peer invites me to view his wedding-presents, while a young lady of fashion has written a paragraph about her forthcoming marriage, apparently mistaking this office for that of the *Morning Post*! If we are democrats nowadays, I am sure there has never been a time when the peer could get more out of the commoner, the curious part of it all being that the least worthy section of the "nobility" adopt the part of showman. The worst form of it all is the philanthropic peeress who has become a showwoman at the expense of her estates. Personally, I must confess to being very tired of it all. If these ladies would attend to their tenants instead of exploiting London charities, including the gentle art of journalism, I should be the first to applaud them. This notoriety-hunting is so vulgar, if they could only see it.

The coolest place I know in London is the British Museum. In the rooms of Eastern antiquities you may enjoy yourself while all London swelters outside.

The little violinist and 'cellist are Miss Helena and Master Willie T. Trowell. When they played at their first public concert in the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, in December last, with such marked success, they were aged eleven and seven respectively. They are the children of the professional 'cellist and teacher, Mr. W. Trowell, and have since played at several concerts and fashionable "At Homes," and have always won universal praise from their audiences and the newspapers. Although Willie is only just eight now, he plays from memory quite a number of classical 'cello pieces. Helena, besides playing the violin well, always plays the piano accompaniments for her brother's 'cello solos.



HELEN AND WILLIE T. TROWELL.  
Photo by Mora, Brighton.

I have referred several times in these columns to the key-rent troubles in the East-End, and am pleased to say they stand in fair way to be remedied. Some few days ago, a magistrate refused an ejectment order to a landlord who had taken key-rent from some tenant, and said that application for ejectment must be made in such cases to the High Court. Now, the machinery of the Law Courts is far too expensive in its movements to suit the merry ejector, and if the magistrate's decision be not appealed against or be maintained on appeal, the key-rent system will follow many other anomalies into well-merited oblivion. The appeal to moral suasion was utterly unable to cope with the crying evil, and the mass-meetings appeared to do no more than harden the hearts of the landlords. Unhappily, the suppression of one grievance will hardly do more than make way for another; the terrible pressure upon all available space in East London makes charges iniquitous. One of the hardest workers in the district, a man who has given the best years of his life and far more than the Biblical tithe of his wealth to the service of the poor, told me quite recently that the real difficulty in the East-End lies in getting people to realise that they can live a few miles out and journey to and from their work without danger of losing it. It is interesting to note that Count Badeni has been studying the East-End housing question recently from Toynbee Hall, presumably on behalf of the Austrian Government.

An ironic board stuck upon a hoarding in Drury Lane met my eye—

*Don't read this!* Important Notice. The Pork Business of these Premises (sic) are (sic) removed.

That pork-butcher has a conscience, after all. He would rather that you did not note his sins in syntax.

Lord Kelvin, while he had the distinction of holding a University professoriate for a longer period than any other contemporary occupant of a University chair—he was appointed Professor of Natural History in Glasgow University in 1846—has by no means established a record. To hold a University office for fifty-three years is certainly remarkable; but this period has been overreached in two instances at any rate—in Cambridge and Aberdeen. Thomas Martyn held office in a Cambridge College for sixty-four years—1761-1825, and Rhoderick Macleod, one of whose descendants, by the way, is an Emeritus-Professor in his native town, went one better, and retained his chair in the University of Aberdeen from 1748 till 1815, a period of sixty-seven years. When appointed to the post he has just relinquished, Lord Kelvin, though only twenty-two, had already distinguished himself by his writings on scientific subjects. His knighthood, conferred upon him for his notable achievements in connection with submarine telegraphy, dates from 1866, and his peerage, bestowed upon him at the suggestion of the Marquis of Salisbury, from 1892. Lord Kelvin, who is still in vigorous health, has had a desire for some time to be free of the daily routine duties of University class-work, and this alone prompted his resignation.



ANCIENT WOODEN BOWL WITH CARVED SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

*It was found in a cave near Zimbabwe, Rhodesia, and has been photographed by Gear, Chidley, and Co.*

While ardent teetotallers are jubilant over the decision of the Board of Inland Revenue in withdrawing their official sanction to the "practice of dramming persons employed at certain distilleries"—to use the phraseology of the Secretary of the Board—there will be murmurs of discontent loud and long in not a few distilleries in the North. In certain districts of the North-East of Scotland, the distillation of whisky is now the chief industry, and it has been the habit for the employes to be allowed a certain number of "drinks," which they could either consume on the premises or carry home. It is this latter deprivation that will be most keenly bewailed, and the widespread dissatisfaction will certainly be articulated soon after the new regulation comes into force on Aug. 1.

Interviews with "People one has never met," portraits of "Celebrities one has never seen," have proved on numerous occasions how unlike is the real to the ideal. In this connection the creator of ideal personalities would surely imagine Mr. Kenneth Grahame as a dweller amid the most peacefully rural surroundings. Yet Mr. Kenneth Grahame's business has nothing in common with dreams, but rather with the prosaic correspondence of one of the largest commercial institutions in the world. As Secretary to the Bank of England, Mr. Grahame fills a most important post, which is associated with innumerable golden coins and with a multiplicity of notes that have a music all their own, but certainly with nothing that would inspire him with those charmingly delicate fancies revealed in "The Golden Age" and in "Dream Days."

The Navy is an excellent school, apparently, for the training of athletic old gentlemen. Mr. G. P. Martin, who is in his seventy-sixth year, still continues to discharge the duties of Deputy-Judge-Advocate of the Fleet, a position which he has filled for about a quarter of a century. Not only does he continue his official naval career at an age when most men are unfit for any work, but he remains a cyclist, and is able to take his thirty or thirty-five mile ride round Emsworth, in Hampshire, without undue fatigue. Another veteran cyclist is Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle. He is sixty-three years old and a great swimmer, yet it is only about a couple of years since he learnt to ride. Then there is Rear-Admiral H. Bury Palliser, who has just been retired because he happens to be sixty years of age. He is still fit for any sports, and, I believe, has played football within the past year or so. Another active officer is Rear-Admiral Alington, who pins his faith to dancing, while Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, the Naval Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, is not only an enthusiastic racket-player, but is as fond of the gun as ever, and his contemporary, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Nowell Salmon, in spite of his sixty-four years, may still be seen on his cycle. To all young men, the advice is, If you want to keep young, enter the Navy, if you can.

The first-class cruiser *Diadem* is one of the smartest ships in the Navy, and her officers and men have just made a new record for coaling ship, of which they have every reason to be proud. I say officers as well as men, because the former nearly always take part in these coaling competitions. The *Diadem* had to take in no less than fifteen hundred tons of coal. It was a big task, and work began at five o'clock in the morning, and, with only three short intervals for meals of about an hour and twenty minutes altogether, it continued all day, and at 9.15 p.m. the last lot was hoisted in, the whole fifteen hundred tons having been dealt with at the rate of a hundred tons an hour. In this operation was, of course, included not merely the hoisting of the coal over the ship's sides and into the bunkers, but the packing of it away so neatly that the bunkers held their full store. The "trimming" of coal is quite a science.

The naval mobilisation must have realised the Admiralty's highest hopes. The task which they set the officers at the naval ports was not an easy one. They selected thirty cruisers and an equal number of torpedo craft, and directed that they should be manned. Then they pointed to a certain number of ships—to be exact, ten battleships, four cruisers, and half-a-dozen gunboats—which already had some men on board, and they directed that they should have their crews increased to war-strength. So excellent was the organisation of the Navy that when the day arrived for the mobilisation to take effect all the fifteen thousand men had been paraded, embarked in the ships, and their baggage stowed

away by eight o'clock, and within a short time the commanding officers of the newly commissioned ships were able to tell the Port Admirals that all was ready. Within a little over forty-eight hours all the freshly commissioned ships had carried out their trials and had put to sea. It was a veritable triumph of admirably planned organisation.

In the attitude assumed by Lord Salisbury with regard to two Bills recently before the Upper House, he has propounded a conundrum to the nation and answered it.

"What is the difference between the New Municipal Corporations and English Shops?" The answer to which appears to be that "In the first, women should most certainly find seats; while in the second, they should learn to do without them." Whether Lord Salisbury really cares a button about either question is certainly doubtful. It is strange that he has been defeated on both upon his native heath, and experience has taught us that, when the Prime Minister has a matter at heart, his colleagues in the Lords accept his ruling in a remarkably lamb-like manner.

"To teach the young idea how to shoot," the poet wrote;

Then why not teach it how to fish, to hunt, to bat, to boat?

Then why not teach it how to ride the universal bike,

In London's swarming, busy streets, and learn what they are like?

That was the jingle that came to me the other afternoon, when I saw in the most crowded part of East Strand, close to Charing Cross, a smartly dressed young woman on a bike, steering her way with skill and dexterity among cabs and carriages, drags and omnibuses, and fixed to the front of the machine was a small wicker chair—the chair in miniature which we see in a farmhouse chimney-corner—and in the chair, apparently enjoying the scene and the life and movement, a little baby girl of perhaps eighteen months or two years, looking delightfully cool in a white frock and a white sun-bonnet. I don't know whether ladies are in the habit of exercising their babies in this way; but it was the first I had seen, and, as the old women say, it "gave me a turn." No doubt, the rider was a skilful and cool-headed cyclist, but I could not help picturing the unutterable smash if the machine had skidded, or if some

clumsy driver had collided with the bike. It is all very well to risk one's own life and limbs on a cycle in a London thoroughfare, but whether one has a right to risk those of a human being hardly old enough to have an opinion of its own is perhaps another matter.

The other day I made a reference to the extraordinary museum of curios which Mr. Middlebrook has collected at the Edinburgh Castle, Mornington Road, Regent's Park. I have since discovered that there is an interesting catalogue of the exhibition which you can get for a penny.



THE BICYCLE IN SCULPTURE.

As a rule, open-air shows in England are attempted on a very half-hearted scale, but Mr. Henry Gillman, the courteous and energetic manager of the Crystal Palace, when he took up the notion, determined to carry it out on a lavish scale. In a word, he has transferred "Whitaker's Almanack"—principals, including Miss Violet Cameron, Madame Cavallazzi, Miss Louie Pounds, and many other well-known people; *corps-de-ballet*, chorus, and orchestra, under the direction of M. Jacobi—direct from the theatre to the open-air stage. The mounting of this *revue* is most elaborate and expensive, so that one may sit on a Sydenham terrace overlooking the well-nigh incomparable landscape, tasting an ice or sipping a coffee, as one feels inclined, and enjoy all that is best and brightest in music, burlesque, and ballet.

At frequent intervals that hydra-headed subject, the theatre- or *matinée-hat*, comes up for discussion in the columns of our modern newspapers. It is curious to find that the same topic proved equally absorbing—and irritating—in the days of the *Tatler*. Here, for instance, is an instructive letter, which has the added merit of being amusing, and which might be read with advantage by the theatre-going women of to-day—

MR. TATLER.—Much has been said about the unfeelingly large hats worn by ladies at the theatres, and of the frequent struggle between the gentleman's gallantry and the lady's want of it; but there is one point that has not been touched upon. I mean, the difficult and awkward position in which a gentleman is placed between two screen-bearers under his own escort when he is required to remonstrate with a third who is not of his party. Every large-hatted lady is conscious of the broad obstacles before, but is totally indifferent to the baffled eyes behind her, and is prepared to defy all objection that is not, in the grossest sense of the term, forcible; she avails herself of the privilege of her sex, while she forgets its gentleness; and has only so much sense of delicacy as enables her to take advantage of it in others. To appeal to the justice or the common politeness of these ladies is idle. In many cases the wearer's chief object in

visiting the theatre is to exhibit the large hat which she conceives entitles her to be considered as fashionable. In the pit of a theatre, the other part of the dress is little seen; and if the hat is laid aside, how are all the other persons present to be made aware of a lady's pretensions? She who had half-starved herself and her family for a week to obtain this fashionable article would be no more respected than her next neighbour, who had no other ornament than her own glossy locks! Where could she have so good an opportunity of displaying her

ribbons and gauzes as at the theatre? Where could she be so sure that they would be observed? There is but one way to remedy the evil, Mr. *Tatler*—unless, indeed, officers should be appointed to marshal all the large-hat wearers in order along the back rows of the pit—Fashion must be the reformer. Let petition be made to some female leader of *ton* that she will be pleased to patronise a head-dress of more reasonable dimensions; the change will influence all ranks, and a large hat will be a horror not to be thought of—it will be more offensive to the present wearers than it now is to those who sit behind them. It will be as monstrous as a second plate of soup—and yet more to be avoided, from its unavoidable publicity. In a matter of this importance it may be desirable to obtain royal aid. Would her Most

Gracious Majesty Queen Adelaide take it into consideration and introduce some more close and convenient fashion, the thing would be effected at once; the war would be ended; ladies would no longer scowl at those who occupied the seats before them, and gentlemen would cease to consider their vicinity as more vexatious than agreeable. You may probably think the appeal might be more immediately effective if made in other quarters—Madame Vestris, perhaps? I cannot venture to decide. I merely take the liberty of suggesting what appears to me a promising hint, and leave the rest to your better judgment, upon which no one has more reliance than, Mr. *Tatler*, Your Past, Present, and Future Reader,  
A. F.

The Flora Macdonald Memorial at Inverness, which has already been described in *The Sketch*, has now been placed on its commanding site on the Castle-hill, and will be unveiled to-day by Mrs. Fraser, daughter of the late Captain Henderson Macdonald. The statue and pedestal together stand about seventeen feet high.



THE "DRESS-CIRCLE" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



"THE DREAM OF WHITAKER'S ALMANACK" BEING PERFORMED IN THE OPEN AIR AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



HIS HIGHNESS NAWAB HAMID ALI KHAN OF RAMPUR.

*This Prince, who has the distinction of being the only Rohilla Chief in India, is the ruler of the Independent State of Rampur, in Rohilkhand. His ancestors have been famous for their loyalty and devotion to the British Government, especially in the troublous times of '57, and the present ruler follows in their footsteps. He is a very highly educated and enlightened young man, who has travel'ed all over the world, and made the acquaintance of many of the Crowned Heads of Europe. He is proficient at all games, very fond of shikar, and a noted tiger-shot, besides which he is an excellent judge of diamonds and other precious stones, his collection of these being probably one of the finest in the world. This picture has been taken by Mr. Cowell, Simla.*

## SOME PASTIMES OF OUR ANCESTORS.

The Britisher is in no immediate danger of casting off the sporting traditions of his forefathers. At the same time, the Law of Change is



COCK-FIGHTING.

ever asserting itself, and with the march of time our national pastimes have changed considerably. To instance only the three illustrations on this page—the “cock-and-bull stories” so cleverly portrayed would not be tolerated nowadays; while the popularity of skittles has waned almost to the point of extinction. The French have a wise saying, “On n’apprend qu’en s’amusant.” And it may be that some of our finest national characteristics have been inspired by marking the entire fearlessness of game-cocks and the high courage of bulldogs—in spite of the barbarity of cock-fighting and bull-baiting.

Sir Richard Steele, in the *Tatler* of Feb. 16, 1709, evinces an honest shame in these practices—

Some French writers have represented this diversion [cock-fighting] of the common people much to our disadvantage, and imputed it to a natural fierceness and cruelty of temper, as they do some other entertainments of our nation—I mean, those elegant diversions of bull-baiting and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear-garden. I wish I knew how to answer this reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the death of so many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears, as have been set together by the ears, or died an untimely death, only to make us sport.

Cock-fighting is of Greek origin. It was pursued at Athens “for the purposes of improving the seeds of valour in the minds of the Athenian youth.” The Romans took the sport from the Greeks, and it is probable that Cæsar introduced it to Britain. The cock was here at the time of his invasion. An early record of cock-fighting in England is given by FitzStephen, who lived in the twelfth century—

Every year [he says], on the morning of Shrove Tuesday, the schoolboys of the City of London bring game-cocks to their masters, and in the forepart of the day, till dinner-time; they are permitted to amuse themselves with seeing them fight.

Besides the famous cock-pit built by Henry VIII. as an adjunct to his Palace at Whitehall, there were others in Drury Lane, Jewin Street,



BULL-BAITING.

and Shoe Lane. The sport survived among the colliers of the North of England up to a very recent date; and we learn from “Lancashire Folklore” that cock-fighting was quite a common pastime about Mellor and Blackburn in the ‘thirties.

Bull baiting, which was declared illegal in 1835, was very popular among all classes of society. William FitzStephen has recorded that, in the time of Henry II., “in the forenoon of every holiday during the winter season, the young Londoners were amused with boars opposed to each other in battle, or with bulls and full-grown bears baited by dogs.” Hentzner, who visited London in Queen Elizabeth’s reign, gives, in his “Itinerary,” the following description of a bear and bull baiting—

There is a place built in the form of the theatre which serves for baiting of bulls and bears; they are fastened behind, and then worried by great English bulldogs, but not without risque to the dogs, from the horns of the one and the teeth of the other; and it sometimes happens they are killed on the spot; fresh ones are immediately supplied in the places of those that are wounded or tired.

We all know the points of the pure British bulldog, which derived its name from its association with the bull in this pursuit. In every way this splendid breed was adapted for its savage and aggressive work; and it was trained to a nicety. Besides possessing supreme courage and strength, the peculiar set of the bulldog’s nose—almost between the eyes—enabled it to breathe while pinned on to the nose of the bull in fierce attack. Before the bull was let loose in the arena, his fury was excited by the hideous cruelty of blowing strong beaten pepper up his nose. Then the dogs made the onset. Sometimes the bull was tied to a stake by a long rope, and the dogs were set on him one at a time, seizing him by the nose. The great moment for the spectators was when the bull lowered his horns to receive the dog, and then



SKITTLES.

tossed it—often a long way. Elizabeth and James I. were among the Sovereigns who loved to watch this sport.

The first place provided near London for the baiting of beasts was the Paris Garden, Southwark. Here there were two bear-gardens, with stands called “scaffolds” erected for spectators. A quaint note about prices is chronicled by Lambard—

Those who go to Paris Garden, the Bel Savage, or Theatre to behold bear-baiting, enterludes, or fence play, must not account of any pleasant spectacle unless first they pay one pennie at the gate, another at the entrie of the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing.

And now we come to skittles, a game commonly confused with nine-pins, because in both cases nine pins and a bowl or “cheese” are required. Skittles, however, is not played in the same way as nine-pins. Both games may be traced to Kayles, an ancient game of German origin, which came to England through the Netherlands, and then extended to France. The French word is *quilles*, the German *Kegel*. The word Kayles was corrupted into kettle or kittle, and, finally, skittle. This game was played with wooden pins (though not nine), and a club was used to knock them down; hence the fourteenth-century name of *jeux de quilles à baston*. Loggats was a similar game, played long ago by boys and rustics in England. In this case, bones were used to throw down the pins; often “a sheepes-joynté.” In his Almanack for 1695, “Poor Robin” includes “nine-pins” among the commendable exercises during the Spring Quarter; while in that of 1707 he substitutes “skittles.”

E. M. E.

## MISS MARIE DANTON IN "POT-POURRI," AT THE AVENUE.



SHE MANICURES IN IMITATION OF SOPHY FULLGARNEY.



SHE IMITATES MISS TERRISS IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL."



SHE IMITATES THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.



SHE IMITATES A GEISHA.

*This extraordinarily clever mimic, photographed here by Messrs. Downey, is the daughter of Miss Jenny Dawson. She made her first appearance six years ago, at the age of twelve, in an Easter Pantomime in York, mainly to keep her mother company, and scored a big "hit." Her first music-hall engagement was at the Metropolitan, where she went for a week and stayed five. Then she went to the Royal for a fortnight, and remained three months and two weeks. At Christmas 1894 she played in a Children's Pantomime at the Opéra Comique—"The House that Jack Built." After that she worked steadily on the halls until the following Christmas, when the Milton Rays engaged her as "second girl" at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. In the following year she went to the Theatre Royal, Brighton, as "principal girl"—probably the youngest on the stage. Mr. Barclay engaged her to play Nita Varasov in Mr. Tanner's musical comedy "The Ballet-Girl." She then went to the Palace, where she was very successful. She was then "principal girl" at the Prince of Wales's, Birmingham, and returned to the Palace, from which Mr. Morton released her to make her fortune in "Pot-Pourri." Miss Danton has worked very hard; but, then, she has a touch of genius behind industry.*

## RUSSIAN TOY-MAKERS.

The long, severe Russian winter necessitates various forms of home employment which may enable the peasant to earn a few extra kopecks. His summer's work in the fields brings him in just about sufficient to

idea of carving in wood a woman and a man—no other words would express the group, which I speedily bought and irreverently termed the "New Woman and the Coming Man." She was tall—very tall, angular, and, it must be confessed, somewhat forbidding; he was short—very short, weak about the knees, and led by the hand. But he wore a top-hat. The Russian peasant is not without a sense of humour. What the one in question had really seen, no one knew; but it was apparent that he had felt what so many in the present day are (unnecessarily) fearing. Or could it have been a mere coincidence, for Women are not "New" in Russia, and Men are not "Coming"?

The two illustrations represent the old and the modern forms of animal creation. As may be seen, the papier-mâché horses are being turned out of a mould by the hundred, the harnessing being the work of a specialist. The officer stroking his moustache was considered a veritable triumph by its wretched perpetrator, who, in his eagerness to satisfy the wishes of the members of the Home Industries Committee, had entirely lost his grip on simple and direct natural methods. Though we deplore the fact that the village craftsmen are being, in many instances, encouraged to turn out work inferior from an art point of view, and that, in consequence, they will lose the true artistic feeling which is their peculiar birthright, still, we must admit that any effort made to enable them to earn a livelihood is not only praiseworthy, but, owing to recent famines and the probable death by hunger of a great number, an absolutely necessary undertaking.

When protesting against the inartistic methods of latter-day toy-making, we are confronted with the argument—the demand creates the supply, to which we

can only bow our heads and wish that the hideous moulded papier-mâché toy had never found its way into Russia.

Among the most fascinating of the many genuine "home-made" toys are the diminutive monks and nuns, carved in wood and painted, which might until quite recently be bought for but a few kopecks each. These are no longer to rejoice the heart of the lover of wooden curiosities, for Father John, of Cronstadt, whose influence is boundless (he is a Faith-Healer), has forbidden their production, on the grounds that monks and nuns, representing the Saintly Element here below, it is sacrilegious to reproduce them in effigy, and doubly heretical to convert them into toys. In fact, an eye for the inner beauty of sincere, if at times uncouth, creation has not been vouchsafed Holy John, who evidently looks upon these really charming little figures as caricatures, and, as such, calculated to weaken the influence of a Church that encourages inaction and idleness in its special devotees.



THE RUSSIAN PEASANT MAKING PAPIER-MÂCHÉ TOYS.

satisfy his daily needs, but no money to buy "vodka" with, and "vodka" is but too often the peasant's only real joy in life. The remoteness of the villages and their difficulty of access have been favourable to the preservation of the Home Industries, among these not the least important being the making of toys; but, alas, the trail of the modern philanthropist—an inartistic but well-meaning trail—is already beginning to leave its mark in the villages adjacent to the large towns. Charitable societies are sending out the modern papier-mâché product in order that the deft-fingered Russian may adopt the new method of toy-making in preference to the more artistic wood models which he renders with such consummate skill. Nothing comes amiss to the adroit fingers of the unspoiled peasant; with an ordinary penknife he can cut out anything you may desire, from one of his beloved churches to the much-dreaded policeman. Perfectly delightful are some of these rugged models, more especially those of animals, for they are never deliberate copies from one another; each man informs his work with life and originality, putting all the feeling at his command into the development of the growing creation. The making of toys of various sorts—that is to say, of paper and mastic, of wood turned and cut, of metals, and of mixed materials—is chiefly carried on by the peasants of the Moscow Government; but the most attractive and original wood toys come from the village of Bogorodskoe, in the Alexandrov district of the Vladimir Government, where about a hundred and fifty men devote the enforced leisure of the long winter months to the production of what one might call the adornment of child-life. In some villages the men form a group, under a managing director, and work together with a view to an equal share in the profits. In others, each family has its own special toy to make, and, as a rule, the best results come from the free and independent worker, though the uncertainty of disposing of his wares is a serious drawback. However, a few years ago a large shop, managed by a special committee, was opened in Moscow, to which toys of all kinds are sent in enormous quantities from the neighbouring villages, and the stalls that skirt the walls of the famous Troitsa Monastery are also laden with piles of curious, quaint "home-made" toys. On one occasion when at the Monastery I unearthed a typical "sign of the times" group. A "Kustar," who evidently had once upon a time visited a large town, conceived the



THE CREATION OF THE WOOD TOY.

## THE SAD STORY OF AMY ROBSART ON THE STAGE.

*From Photographs by Langfier, Glasgow.*

At certain seasons of the year, notably in the summer-time, when the supply of theatrical companies is scarce, Scotland wakes up to a vague sense of the enormous loss it has sustained, possibly through the intervention of John Knox, so far as a national drama is concerned. A worthy patriot in Edinburgh, who used to run the theory of Home Rule for Scotland, was so grieved at the failure of his countrymen at the footlights that he actually set about writing dramas himself. Again, it was only the other day that Sir Grainger Stewart, the Professor of Clinical Medicine in Edinburgh University, escaped gladly from discussing Bright's Disease in order to write a poetical drama upon the Regent Moray. But it is Sir Walter Scott (adapted, as a rule, fearfully and wonderfully for special productions) who has come to the rescue of the quaking conscience of Scotch theatrical managers. How often have I seen "The Lady of the Lake" with a portly Englishwoman as the Helen Macgregor, and an army of local supers coming on and singing Scotch



MISS DOROTHY HAMMOND AS AMY ROBSART.

ballads! Between the excessive heat of a summer night and the excessive dulness of this form of entertainment, I have often wondered how even Scott himself could survive the process.

Of course, the Waverley Novels would make excellent plays if well treated, and the play of "Kenilworth," which Messrs. Howard and Wyndham recently produced in Glasgow, and are now running in Edinburgh, is a case in point. Mr. J. S. Blythe has turned the novel into five acts and seventeen scenes, and he tells the pathetic story of Amy Robsart clearly and with considerable dramatic skill. The company is a strong one, and the presence of the Earl of Rosslyn in it is peculiarly appropriate, seeing that his lordship's family have so many connections with the Scotch capital. Messrs. Howard and Wyndham have shown great enterprise in staging "Kenilworth," which will probably be played when many of the futile farces, musical comedies, and much-boomed, and sometimes not a little nasty, problem-plays will have gone the way of all waxwork.



LEICESTER (MR. GLENDINNING) AND ELIZABETH (MISS HOFFMAN).



LORD ROSSLYN AS SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Americans are the great pilgrims of the modern world, and, in spite of their matter-of-factness at home, it is with a spirit of real reverence that they visit the shrines of other countries. They are invariably well-informed, and they are never tired. A book of English reminiscences by such a pilgrim, entitled "Wordsworth and the Coleridges" (Macmillan), has lately appeared. One of its main features of interest is the fact that the memory of the writer stretches back over seventy years, so far as America is concerned, and it is fifty years since he first came to our shores. Mr. Ellis Yarnall is a Philadelphian Friend, the nephew of Lucretia Mott, who inspired him early with reverence for great movements, for serious thought and good literature, and at whose house he met a great many distinguished persons. But the passion of his life has been for Wordsworth, and when he came to England, in 1849, it was mainly to look upon his poet-hero. And by means of an introduction from an American editor of the poet, he did so, and had a day's intercourse with him. He remembers his every word, his every gesture. Wordsworth was a very old man then—indeed, next year he died—and he was still sorrowing deeply for the death of his daughter Dora. Very feeble and sad he looked, but he had not lost interest in public matters, nor in the country he loved in his youth, France. He is described thus, during the stroll Mr. Yarnall took with him to the scene of "The Evening Walk"—

He walked very slowly, occasionally stopping when he said anything of importance, and again I noticed that looking into remote space of which I have already spoken. His eyes, though not glistening, had yet in them the fire which betokened the greatness of his genius. . . . His features were not good; indeed, but for this keen grey eye, with its wondrous light, his face could hardly have been called pleasing. His step . . . was feeble, tottering. . . . One hand was generally thrown into his half-buttoned waistcoat. His dress was . . . somewhat rough, but not slovenly; his clothes were not old-fashioned, nor did he dress, as an old man, in any peculiar way.

This American pilgrim did not belong to the age of interviewers, and, I am sure, loathes their practice. But he was an interested observer of detail, and we are not ungrateful even for his most trifling impressions now.

At his visitor's request, Wordsworth read from a selection of his own poems, editor's comments and all—

with affecting simplicity, his manner being that of one who looked backward to the past with tranquility, and forward with sure hope. . . . These quotations he read in a way that impressed me; it seemed almost as if he was awed by the greatness of his own power, the gifts with which he had been endowed.

Walks in the Wordsworth country, and much intercourse with the Wordsworth circle, followed that memorable day, though there were years between his visits. With the Coleridges of several generations, the Arnolds, Kingsley, Keble, John Stuart Mill, and William Edward Forster, he was on terms of intimacy. He breakfasted with Rogers, and met Macaulay, and the result is all noted down with a somewhat too rigid impartiality. This American pilgrim did not come to England to criticise or utter clever things. He came as a disciple, and drank everything in he had an appetite for. All his desires and interests were serious.

One of the persons who made most impression on him was Sara Coleridge. He saw her in failing health, but her spiritual vigour was unimpaired, and he paints a vivid picture of this remarkable woman, "her complexion almost transparent, her eyes large and of a peculiar lustre." He saw the "glow of genius in her face—a radiant expression that put one under a spell." But she did not remind him of her father. "As to her mental part, she seemed almost the child of Southey." This is very doubtful; but it is reminiscences, not criticism, which one has to look for in the pleasant book of this admiring sojourner among us.

The interior of Asia, with its relics of old empires and memories of great names, suggests to Western readers a whole world of romance. The sound of Samarcand and Bokhara calls up half-forgotten histories and visions of decayed splendour. Two recent travellers into Russian Turkestan and the Central Asian Khanates have compiled an account of the country not at all in a romantic spirit, but also not in a way to stop one's longing for travel in that direction. "The Heart of Asia" (Methuen) is in the first place a history of the successive governments and civilisations that have ruled and been swept away, and, secondly, an inquiry into Russian administration there at the present day. The writers, Mr. F. H. Skrine and Mr. E. D. Ross, do not echo all that Lord Curzon has said on the subject. They acknowledge the many excellent points of his book, but say that events move quickly even in Central Asia now, that a good deal of his information is out of date, and that it is needlessly alarmist. On the whole, it is a strong eulogy of Russia they have written—

We left home [they say] full of prejudices, the result of a course of Central Asian literature. The Cassandra notes of Vambéry were ringing in our ears, and the latent Chauvinism of Lord Curzon of Kedleston had prejudiced the Russians in our eyes. But unfavourable prepossessions vanished when we had seen the results of their Central Asia, and had gathered estimates of its character in every class of the population. We are convinced that the Czar's explicit instructions to his lieutenants to exercise a fatherly care over his Asiatic subjects are scrupulously obeyed.

Some of us may be doubtful about the value of the Russian "fatherly care." But, at least, it is good hearing that our neighbours over the frontier of India have far too much to do in developing what they have already got, and drawing profit from it, than to trouble about India. "The absorption of India is a dream too wild for the most aggressive adviser of the Czar."

O. O.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It has been a topic of sarcastic comment in not a few English and foreign papers that every summer we are given up to an enthusiasm, blind and ignorant, for the game of cricket. Our afternoon papers, or the halfpenny journals, overflow with scores and sketches and comments. The description of the matches becomes lyric in its intensity; the beauties of a "glance to leg" are hymned as if the glance were that of a Cleopatra or a Helen of Troy; the break on every ball, the artistic merits of every stroke, are expounded in the most florid of journalese. Foreign affairs, domestic politics, Parliament, the Law Courts, art, literature, music—all are drowned in one whelming flood of cricket news. For a time even "All the Winners" fails to attract, and is supplanted by "Latest Scores."

And yet it is not really the fact that the nation is given up to futile absorption in a mere game. Widespread as is the interest felt in cricket, yet it is not so intense as one might guess by a hasty consideration of the evening papers. In the morning, nay, in the evening penny papers, cricket shrinks back into a very measurable quantity, and the foreign telegrams assume their old supremacy. The explanation of the abandonment of the cheap evening paper to cricket is not far to seek. Cricket is the one section of news in which the evening paper can at small expense forestall the morning paper of next day. The foreign telegrams of an evening paper are generally either common to it with all the morning issues, or taken from their special correspondence. It is comparatively rare that an evening journal is able to get exclusive information as to any event of foreign or domestic importance. But a page can be filled with cricket scores and comments at small expense; a representative at Lord's, or the Oval is not like a Hong-Kong, Cape Town, or Berlin Correspondent, and his telegrams come comparatively cheap.

And it is natural that a certain enthusiasm should be felt—though not in any extravagant measure, in spite of the lyricism of the Press—over the most profoundly English of games. Cricket is not even co-extensive with Anglo-Saxondom. In the United States it is somewhat of an exotic, though well played; baseball answers more nearly to the strenuous impatience of the American mind. But in India the game flourishes in the face of many drawbacks; and in Australia—well, we know rather too much about that.

To the foreigner, however well disposed, or even Anglomaniac, cricket remains to a great extent a mystery. And, indeed, it has grown to be as highly technical as chess, but less easy of comprehension, as it deals with physical play, and accidents of weather, and is not a matter of pure intellect. That a man should stand up in front of three sticks and defend these from a leather ball with a flat wooden club; that he should score by running back and forth over a measured space, while others are seeking the ball; that there should be eleven enemies trying to prevent him from hitting the ball away, or to knock down his wicket when he happens to go beyond an arbitrary line—all this appears extremely irrational, and even imbecile. So do our laws and Parliamentary formalities. And yet cricket is the finest of games, and the British Constitution the best of Constitutions, if one only knew what it was.

Cricket is the Imperial game—a game of ruling races. In India, it is Sikhs and Rajputs, warlike and conquering races, that take to cricket; or Parsees, the princes of trade. Australia, in a breath, sends her picked men to battle with us at cricket, and is ready to give us her other picked men to convince Oom Paul of the beauties of enfranchisement. A good cricketer, or one who loves to look on at cricket, must needs be an advocate of Imperial expansion. An annexation means to him so many eligible "pitches" added to the big British playing-field. A rival in colonisation or possession is very literally "queering our pitch." If foreign rivals, such as the Russians, really understood us, they would carefully mark out cricket-grounds at convenient places along their Chinese railways, and offer to convey members of *bond-fide* cricket elevens free of charge. Then the Jingo and the cricketer would be at variance; now they are both aggrieved.

Yet perhaps it is wise for rivals not to allow us to play cricket too much in their "spheres of influence." Every cricket-field is regarded by us as British territory, annexed by the fact of play. Our fellow-countrymen play cricket at Johannesburg; to the mind of the cricket-lover, that settles the question. The Uitlander who can bowl with a break from the off, or practice the "leg-hook," ought to have a vote, and a vote as good as any other man's. It is a great pity that Mr. Schreiner, in the days when he was "Schreiner of Downing," did not play cricket—even for Downing. It is not given to every man to be a cricketer, but no man can be keen on cricket without imbibing some patriotism and feeling of equity. And so, too, with other sports of the kind. The inner core of the Anglo-Saxon's being is not either duty or greed, as his flatterers or enemies say—it is sport, for good and ill.

The Germans are still doing their best to cut us out in trade, yet we were never so friendly with them—because they are taking to yachting and to games. They understand us better, and we them. Every football match the French play is a stride towards the *entente cordiale*. The Dutch are taking to cricket. Won't somebody get up a Boer eleven and solve the Transvaal problem?

MARMITON.



MISS ESME BERINGER.

*The elder of Mrs. Oscar Beringer's daughters, she is a very clever actress, who is equally at home in comedy and tragedy. She was exceptionally good in Mr. Pinero's play, "The Benefit of the Doubt," and once played Romeo to her sister's Juliet. She has been pictured here by Lottie Garet-Charles.*

## THE MAGIC SLATE.

The modern magician claims to be scarcely less wonderful than the master of legerdemain of another age. Personally, I do not pretend to be able to unravel the mysteries of spiritualism. I leave that to Mowbray House. I simply listen to the experiences of others, and justify myself by stating that I have never seen or heard spirits myself. A short time ago, however, I received a mysterious missive from New Zealand, which I reproduce verbatim for the benefit of all whom it may concern. It is a declaration of faith by Mrs. Mary Bond, the wife of a builder, Mr. Richard Bond, residing at Johnsonville, near Wellington, New Zealand, and, as you will note, she declared "solemnly and sincerely," in the presence of a Justice of the Peace in New Zealand, what she experienced at a séance held ten years ago in Melbourne. Let Mrs. Mary Bond tell the wonderful story for herself—

1. While visiting in Melbourne in the year 1889 I was well acquainted with Mr. Fred Evans, the independent slate-writing medium.

2. I was present on several occasions when public exhibitions of independent slate writing were given by the said medium, and likewise at numerous private séances when interesting phenomena of slate writing and slate pictures were invariably obtained.

3. Shortly before the second day of May, 1889, an appointment was made with the said medium and his guides for the purpose of giving me a picture on a slate of my daughter Maud Mary, who died November 6th, 1872, at the age of six months.

4. My said husband purchased two new slates, and, after washing them under a water-tap and drying them, wrapped them in brown paper tied tightly with string, and sealed the string to the paper in my presence, a small piece of slate-pencil being first placed between the slates in this form, and without other preparation or apparatus whatever. My husband and I attended at the residence of the said Fred Evans, Victoria Parade, Melbourne, on the said 2nd May, 1889.



THE SLATE PICTURE.

5. In the room in which the séance was held there was a small table, without cover, and three chairs. The room was lighted by one window, without curtains, and, so far as I recollect, there was no other furniture in the room, and the only persons present were Fred Evans, my husband, and myself.

6. At the appointed time, twelve o'clock, we all three sat at the table, my husband and I facing the window and also facing the medium; the brown-paper parcel containing the slates, and sealed, as before stated, and without having been examined or handled by the medium in any way, was placed upon the table. Some knocks on the table were then heard, indicating, as I was informed by the medium, that we were to touch the pencil with our fingers, which we accordingly did, and, after the lapse of about forty seconds, further knocks indicated that the picture was finished.

7. The string was then cut, the seals broken, and the slates taken out of the brown paper, and the picture appeared on the under-side of the upper slate in the form of an oval covered by a china substance similar to gum, in the form of a square, and surrounded by pencil lines and pencil writings.

8. The slate with the picture thereon, protected and preserved as aforesaid, with the writings and drawings thereon, is in the same state now as when first seen at the said séance, and is in my possession.

9. I have lately had a photograph taken of the slate, and the copy hereto annexed is, in my judgment and belief, a perfect representation of the said slate, with the picture writings and drawings thereon, so far as the same can be obtained by ordinary photography.

10. The face appears to be of a girl about eighteen years of age, corresponding to the age of my said daughter had she been living in May 1889, and bears a strong resemblance to other members of the family.

11. The chemical substance before referred to has a shiny surface, similar to gum, but whether it is gum or not I have no knowledge or conception, and can only state that the oval, cloud-like picture is well preserved by it. The picture is best seen in bright sunlight, when held in a slanting position slightly to the right. When held in the opposite direction, nothing but the black, shiny substance is seen. In this respect the photograph scarcely conveys a correct representation.

12. I am aware that my husband, some time ago, made a similar declaration concerning this slate picture, and I say that my husband and myself and the said Fred Evans are the only persons who can speak to the facts hereinbefore set forth.

13. I am well acquainted with the handwriting of the said Fred Evans, and I annex, hereto marked "A," a letter from the said Fred Evans to my husband, dated June 27th, 1891, and received at Johnsonville aforesaid by the July 'Frisco Mail.

And I make this declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of an Act of the General Assembly of New Zealand, intitled "The Justices of the Peace Act 1882."

Declared at the City of Wellington }  
this 19th day of September, 1894, } (Signed) MARY BOND.  
before me

(Signed) ANDREW YOUNG, J.P.

A Justice of the Peace for the Colony of New Zealand.

## THE "BEEFSTEAKS" THAT ARE NO MORE.

On a recent occasion I was one of the privileged guests invited to take light refreshments in the historic Beefsteak Club Room at the Lyceum Theatre. Among the company I espied many interesting people, including Miss Julia St. George, the grandmother, so to speak, of burlesque, an actress now in her seventy-fifth year, who had danced with Madame Vestris in the ballet of "King of the Peacocks"; Mr. Charles Morton, the Father of the Music-Halls; Miss Lydia Thompson; and Miss Nellie Farren, looking, as "Justice Nell," uncommonly like the portrait of Miss Terry as Portia on the wall; while Lal Brough, the doyen of the Savage Club, Edward Hastings, our oldest stage-manager, and Willie Edouin formed other links in the chain of the past. Then the room itself seemed haunted with the laughter and joviality of the old "Beefsteaks," that little fraternity which had held so long together.

The Sublime Society of Beefsteaks for a hundred and thirty-two years dedicated themselves to the glories of "Beef and Liberty," the motto of their order. The Society was founded by Henry Rich, the celebrated harlequin and machinist of Covent Garden Theatre, in 1735. He was a vastly witty fellow, who, with his fellow-worker, George Lambert, the scenic artist, attracted many of the men of fashion and literary quidnuncs of the time to their work-room near the roof, which was known by the name of "Thunder and Lightning." Here these workmen were in the habit of cooking their steaks, while their visitors would sometimes join in the meal, sending "round the corner" for wine and porter. This conviviality presently became quite an institution, which, for convenience' sake, was afterwards moved to another apartment on a level with the two-shilling gallery; next, into rooms even with the boxes, and, finally, into a lower room, where it remained till the terrible fire of 1808, which destroyed the theatre, Handel's fine organ, and the stock of wine belonging to the Beefsteak Club, besides bringing about the death of twenty-three firemen. Then the Club migrated to the Bedford Coffee-House, where the gridiron rescued from the fire was fixed on the ceiling. Here the members, who were limited to the number of twenty-four, continued to meet at two o'clock on Saturdays, till, on the building of the Lyceum, they took up their quarters in that theatre until that house was burnt in 1830. The Society then adjourned, first, to the Lyceum Tavern, and thence returned to the Bedford Coffee-House until the completion of the new Lyceum in 1838, in which some rooms were provided for it. And these are the rooms in which I lunched on the occasion of the Lydia Thompson Benefit, but the Club itself was dissolved in 1869, when a sale of the pictures, silver, and furniture was held. The room, Gothic in style, was very appropriately fitted and decorated, the doors, wainscoting, and roof, of old English oak, being ornamented with gridirons, and the furniture and appointments bearing the same emblem; while the original gridiron, which had survived the two great fires, adorned the ceiling. Over a great gridiron which barred off the cook from the company ran the words—

If it were done, when 'tis done,  
Then 'twere well it were done quickly.

In old times, the members dressed in a uniform with brass buttons marked with the gridiron and the motto of the Society. There continued to be only twenty-four members, and each of these officiated in turn as President, according to "the rota." His duties were to see that the rules were observed, and to propose the chartered toasts and the resolutions from time to time. On the back of his chair hung a full-plumed hat, also a three-cornered hat, and the former was, for a moment, assumed when the President rose to address the Society. The "Bishop" sang the grace and anthem. The Recorder's duties were to rebuke any member for offences, real or imaginary, and to read the charge to an elected member, who was brought blindfolded into the room, attended by halberdiers wearing grotesque costumes, and made to take an oath of allegiance to the Society on what he thought was the Book; but it was really the beef-bone of the day, wrapped up in a napkin, which had been deftly substituted by the Sergeant—that is, the cook. The "Boots" was the fag; he had to come early and fetch and decant the wine. The Duke of Sussex actually officiated as "boots" for a year; nor need this cause so much astonishment when it is known that George Prince of Wales and his other brother, the Duke of York, were members. Other distinguished brothers were R. Brinsley Sheridan, David Garrick, the Duke of Leinster, Brougham (afterwards Lord Chancellor), John Wilkes, and the Duke of Argyll. Sometimes there were mock trials, somewhat similar to those now held on the Bar Circuits, when the delinquent was brought before the Court enveloped in a white sheet.

The friendliest equality existed between the members, regardless of their social rank. It was a Club of much musical conviviality, the "Song of the Day," sung by the President, whether he had a voice or not, being the opening feature. There are extant many witty and amusing ditties, which were composed by the members, especially by the celebrated Charles Morris, the Laureate of the Club, who died at the ripe age of ninety-three. He was succeeded in the office by C. Hallett. Many causes contributed to the Club's death. Among others, the elevation of Brougham to the woolsack, and the secession of the Duke of Sussex in 1839, were serious losses to the Club; but the crowning calamity was the death, in 1858, of the Treasurer and Secretary, H. F. Stephenson, "the Shepherd of the Flock," who was elected as long ago as 1813. Minor misfortunes were the resignation of the Butcher, the modern heresy respecting port, and the alteration of the hour of dining, which, changed from time to time to suit all the members, ended in suiting a small minority, who were not enough to keep up the Club.—T. H. L.

## LIVING WHIST AS PLAYED BY CHILDREN AT ILKLEY.

*The performance, photographed by Mr. W. Scott, of Ilkley, was given in aid of the Parish Church Institute.*





ONE OF THE PICCANINNIES AT THE ALHAMBRA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND.

## FUNNY LITTLE NIGGER BOYS AT THE ALHAMBRA.

*From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.*



all the rage, references to piccaninnies abound, but hitherto the playgoer has not seen the one or the other in the flesh. I presume that when a black baby is sufficiently big to be mischievous, it is a piccaninny; and when old enough to fall in love and indulge in flirtation by moonlight, it is a coon. The brace of genuine piccaninnies whom Mr. Slater has secured to add to the attractions of the Alhambra programme come right away down from old Kentucky, and can now show London what its favourites have been singing about for so long on all sorts of occasions, appropriate and otherwise.

I have been making some inquiries into the origin and the habits of the genus piccaninny, and find that it dwells in the Western States, is picturesque, though not beautiful, given to some slight inability to differentiate between *meum* and *tuum*, particularly where poultry is concerned, and very partial to singing, dancing, and every species of recreation known as playing. When grown up, the piccaninny moth becomes the coon butterfly, and in old age, if we may rely on fiction, becomes afflicted with the



Aren't they funny little creatures, these ebony babies? Funny in photograph, but infinitely funnier on the stage; and, as all good things come ultimately to London, you may see these black babies next Monday at the Alhambra, varying the wonderful programme that Mr. Dundas Slater manages to put on there from week to week, as if the word exhaustion were unknown in his managerial vocabulary.

We have heard too much about piccaninnies since the night when Lady Francis Hope brought down the house at the Lyric Theatre with a coon-song, and all the entertainers in town started a series of similar ditties that has not yet come to an end, for Mr. Edmund Payne and Miss Katie Seymour are still delighting Gaiety audiences with a crooning coon-song in "A Runaway Girl." The playgoer visiting a new comic opera looks for some period in the second or third act when hero and heroine, having blacked their faces and hands, will appear upon a stage flooded with blue light, and sing some "nigger song" set to a plaintive melody in minor key. Songs concerning the coon are



attainments, compelled for the purposes of the entertainment to assume a blackness, though she has it not in real life. Variety is so often the last element considered in the average variety entertainment that this new "turn" is bound to attract, and it will further help to strengthen a programme that has not a dull moment from first to last. The piccaninnies should draw the coon-cultured town, for, in addition to being clever, they have the perpetual charm of childhood, and, being nigger children, they are also of necessity peculiarly precocious little things, who seem to enjoy their work on the stage. The pictures in these two pages clearly indicate that the little creatures have a strong sense of farcical comedy, which most of our children do not seem to possess in anything like the same degree.

The derivation of the term "piccaninny"—which you may also spell as "pickaninny" or as "picaninny"—is the Cuban word *piquinini*, signifying "little." It has been suggested that this word may be an accommodation of the Spanish words *pequeño niño*, meaning "a little infant."



excess of emotional piety familiar to readers of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Angels call and the heavens open, and various other phenomena occur in the latter days of the ex-piccaninny, and he or she would appear to become a rather lugubrious person given to an all-too-ostentatious attention to the Psalms, with an eye on a vacant place in the Choir Celestial. Happily, we are not to see the "ole nigger," but his progenitor, if the child be the father of the man.

The piccaninnies engaged at the Alhambra do some chicken-stealing, some pillow-fighting, some dancing, and some singing, all in the good old-fashioned way, and present the quaintest and prettiest aspects of the native life. They are very intelligent youngsters, as, indeed, most black children are, for the little nigger is often far keener than his contemporary white, though he does not last so long as us. Though the Alhambra pair have to obtain special licence to give a performance, on account of their youth, they have already appeared with no little success in several of Europe's large capitals and throughout the States. The lady who assists in the "turn" is an American singer of some



## THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

How many villages there are which would never emerge from their rural solitude if it were not that some world-famous man had chosen his final resting-place in their peaceful graveyard! Such a village is the Essex hamlet of Hempstead.

It happened in the seventeenth century that one William Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and it further happened that, having all England to choose from, he ordered his body to be laid to rest in this remote village, and henceforward the fame of Hempstead was ensured. Wrapped in lead, Dr. Harvey's body was placed in a vault beneath the church, and



HARVEY'S MONUMENT IN HEMPSTEAD CHURCH.

there it remained for over two centuries.

Some sixteen years ago, however, at the initiative and expense of the Royal College of Physicians, the body was removed from the vault it had so long tenanted, and reverently placed in a marble sarcophagus which had been built for the purpose in that part of Hempstead Church known as the Harvey Chapel. The ceremony took place on Oct. 18, 1883, the leading part in the proceedings being taken by Sir William Jenner in his capacity as President of the Royal College of Physicians. When the remains of the great doctor were placed in their new resting-place, there was deposited with them a copy of the large edition of Harvey's works, in addition to a document setting forth all the incidents connected with the removal of the body. A copy of that document hangs in the Library of the Royal College of Physicians.

Prior to the removal of Dr. Harvey's remains to the upper portion of the church, that building contained a memorial of his burial in the vaults beneath. This consists of a mural monument, with a bust and a lengthy Latin inscription. The bust, which is described as a characteristic likeness, is believed to be the work of Scheemakers. In the Harvey Chapel there are many handsome monuments to various members of the famous physician's family, ranging in date from the year 1661 to 1830.

If local legend is to be believed, the translation of Harvey's body from the dimly-lit vaults below to the chapel above has had a disastrous effect upon the attractions of Hempstead as a shrine for the pilgrim. So long as the pilgrim had the gruesome satisfaction of groping about in semi-darkness for a glimpse of the lead-covered remains of the great discoverer, he came in shoals; to-day, the massive marble tomb in the full flood of daylight does not appear to have the same power of attraction.

It would be unjust for any account of the re-interment of Harvey to overlook the fact that, but for the assiduous labours of the late Dr. B. W. Richardson, the re-interment would never have taken place. So long ago as 1847, when he was attending the wife of a farm-labourer at Radwinter, near Hempstead, he was entertained during his midnight vigil by an interesting story from her husband about the vault and coffin of the "great Dr. Harvey." Gradually it dawned upon Dr. Richardson

that the Harvey in question was the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and a visit which he shortly afterwards paid to Hempstead proved his surmise to be correct. Prior to Dr. Richardson's visit of 1847, it was believed that no man of science had seen the vault within the memory of the villagers—indeed, the great outside world appeared to have forgotten that Harvey was buried in that remote village. Naturally, then, Dr. Richardson found the leaden coffin of the great doctor in a deplorable condition. It lay close to an unglazed window, and the rain that beat in upon it when the wind was in the east gathered in a pool where the lead had sunk in. Boys could and did throw stones upon the sarcophagus, and altogether its neglect was so pronounced that Dr. Richardson was justified in saying that "any unscrupulous antiquarian, corrupted to theft by the desire of possessing a great relic, might with the utmost ease have purloined the remains of Harvey without much fear of detection."

But there are more points of interest about Hempstead Church than the fact of its being the burial-place of Dr. Harvey. In the churchyard, for example, will be found perhaps the strangest belfry in all England. Thereby hangs a tale. One Saturday evening, in January 1882, without a moment's warning, the tower of Hempstead Church crumbled away to a heap of stones and dust. The building was made of rubble, and on that memorable Saturday, its allotted time having expired, it, like Holmes's "one-hoss shay," changed suddenly into an amorphous heap. Of the five bells hanging in the tower, one, the tenor, was hopelessly shattered by the fall, and it still lies where it fell, its ringing days for ever gone. But the other four were wholly uninjured, and they may be seen to-day hanging in the rude shed shown in the photograph.

So great was the damage wrought to the whole church by the falling tower that in 1887-8 the entire structure, with the exception of the Harvey Chapel, the chancel, and the unfortunate tower, was rebuilt. Unfortunately, sufficient funds were not forthcoming to complete the building, and hence it is impossible to say how long it will be before those four bells are removed from their temporary home in the shed at the east of the church and hung again in a new tower.

Another unique feature of Hempstead Church has to be recorded. The curate in charge, the Rev. John Escreet, happens to be an expert carver in wood, and when his church was rebuilt his contribution to the new structure took the substantial form of the carving of the reading-desk, lectern, and pulpit. There is probably no other church in the world of which it can be said that the pulpit is the actual handiwork of the minister who preaches from it.

Mr. Escreet also executed the carving on the south porch of his church, and that this also has been skilfully executed may be inferred from the specimen of his work which is here shown in the picture of his pulpit.

H. C. S.



THIS PULPIT WAS CARVED BY THE MINISTER WHO PREACHES FROM IT.

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.



THE STRANGEST BELFRY IN ENGLAND.

HOUSES IN LONDON WHERE SOME FAMOUS MEN HAVE LIVED.

*From Photographs by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.*



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS LIVED HERE: GREAT NEWPORT STREET.



THACKERAY LIVED HERE: 28, CLERKENWELL ROAD.



JAMES BARRY LIVED HERE: 36, CASTLE STREET.



GARRICK LIVED HERE: 5, ADELPHI TERRACE.



SIR ROBERT WALPOLE LIVED AT 5, ARLINGTON STREET

## "HEAD"-CUTTING BY A FIFTEENTH HUSSAR.



*These clever photographs are the work of Mr. Edward Kennard, whose son is a Captain in the Fifteenth. The photographs, which have been sent to the Amateur Exhibition at 182, Regent Street, were taken at an indicated speed of the thousandth part of a second with a Zeiss Camera and the "Artist's Twin Lens" of the Stereoscopic Company. The Fifteenth Hussars are famous. When at the Battle of Viller-en-Cauchiers, close to Cambrai, two squadrons of the regiment, assisted by the same number of mounted Austrian troops, finding three thousand of the enemy in position, routed the whole lot, and captured three pieces of artillery. Again, at Sahagun, in the Peninsular War,*



## TENT-PEGGING BY A FIFTEENTH HUSSAR.



*four hundred of the Fifteenth Hussars defeated a force of seven hundred French Dragoons, also in position, the latter sustaining a loss of a hundred and fifty prisoners, including two Colonels and eleven other officers, besides those killed in the engagement. A French writer has stated: "Could a cavalry regiment lose their bridles within three yards of a square, nothing could resist the impact of such a force." Frederick the Great, under whose generalship Continental cavalry attained the zenith of their fame, issued two regulations: "Any cavalry officer awaiting attack will be cashiered"; secondly, "All attack will be made without firing, the last two hundred yards at the gallop."*



## A FAITH WHICH GETS NO "FORRARDER."

Mr. Bailey Saunders's book, "The Quest of Faith" (Black), is difficult to place. When asked to define orthodoxy, Bishop Warburton replied, "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is your doxy," and, in Mr. Bailey Saunders's view, we are all heterodox.



MR. BAILEY SAUNDERS.

Photo by Hollier, Pembroke Square, W.

He criticises the diverse schools of thought represented by Huxley, Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Argyll, the late Professor Drummond, Mr. Lilly, and others, with a fine impartiality, apparently, like the soul in Tennyson's "Palace of Art," "holding no form of creed, but contemplating all." Mr. Bailey Saunders brings an acute but academically trammelled mind to the "quest" after answer to themes round which the spirit of man travels like planet tethered to its sun, deriving some warmth and glow therefrom, but making slow approach to knowledge of its destiny. The book appears to be the result of the recasting of reviews contributed chiefly to the *Athenæum*, and, as dealing with current speculations on fundamental questions of faith and morals, has a certain unity. It recognises the

changed and more tolerant tone in which matters of perennial interest are treated, a tone echoed alike by the man of science and the theologian. The one has abandoned the old mechanical and materialistic theories of the universe, and the other recognises the application of the scientific method to the examination of the documents on which his faith is founded. So that the attitude of both is in measure one of suspense; each tends to feel that "he dares stamp nothing false where he finds nothing sure." Of course, the explanation is that the theory of evolution now permeates every department of thought; that which on its first promulgation was denounced from every pulpit being now welcomed as an adjunct of the faith, driving "the theologian to regard Nature once more as a whole, and to seek the evidence of design in evolution itself." This theory of unity appeared to receive a shock from Huxley's "Romanes Lecture," in which the cosmic and the ethical are set in opposition, and Mr. Bailey Saunders, who loses no chance of adverse criticism on Huxley's philosophical equipment, lays stress upon an inconsistency which is more of terms than of principles. But confusion of word and thing, of *nomen* and *numen*, is the plague of metaphysics, and Mr. Bailey Saunders's pages are not free therefrom. On the whole, the feeling to which the book gives rise corresponds to that of the farmer after his bout of claret—we get "no forrarder," not even when bidden to regard religion as the totality of "ideals of moral grandeur, and of the conceptions of science and art" which are due to "the insight of gifted men," who are themselves the reflection "of a great Reality." Confronted with the often loathsome record of the life and fate of the earth's unnumbered millions, there is no solution in an armchair philosophy which reckons not them.

## THE JAPS—WHO ARE THEY?

The band of entertainers known as "The Japs" are familiar, but who are they in private life? It was on purpose bent to find this out that I recently tackled them at an entertainment (writes a *Sketch* representative). Panting from an encoired *pas de trois* with the pink Jap and the masked Jan van Beers masher, the yellow Jap turned upon me a pair of eyes as deeply blue as the bunches of violets in her coiffure, and remarked, "Curiosity is said to be an exclusively feminine failing."

"Like Phyllis in the song, we 'never fail to please,'" chimed in the blue Jap, to whose exquisite accompaniments on the piano the audience had listened enraptured a few moments before.

"You have failed to please me," I said.

"Evidently the gentleman has not seen our performance," said Jan van Beers pityingly.

"Nay, 'tis because he may not see our faces," explained the yellow Jap. "He reminds me of the fun we had on the *Osborne* last August, when the Princess would lift my veil. How the Prince laughed when he saw the mask underneath!"

"We never had a more appreciative audience than on the *Osborne*," added the blue lady. "Besides the Prince and Princess of Wales, on one occasion there were Princess Victoria of Wales and Prince and Princess Marie of Greece, and they selected from our repertoire the songs they wished to hear."

"You have an extensive repertoire?"

"About one hundred and fifty songs, duets, and trios, in various styles—humorous, sentimental, coon-songs, &c.—and we can sing in French, German, Italian, or Spanish. For private entertainments we also sing operettas. How do you like our dresses? They came direct from Japan, and all this mass of gold embroidery is hand-worked."

"Would you believe, some of the papers described them as 'flowered silks'?" put in the yellow singer indignantly.

"Each robe is edged with a different colour, to distinguish us, you see," continued the blue Jap; "and the consequence is that, when bouquets and things come, they are addressed 'The Yellow Jap,' or 'The Pink Jap,' as the case may be. Look at this wonderful ring someone sent me the other day," and she extended a white hand where an enormous turquoise glowed amid several fine diamond rings. "We've really had some lovely presents."

"So have I," murmured Jan van Beers, and his eyes sparkled through his mask as he offered me a cigarette from a dainty gift in gold-washed silver with spaces for cards and sovereigns. "Yet I have my trials," he added plaintively. "Only the other day a lady of forbidding appearance forced her way into my dressing-room, and claimed me as her husband!"

"And you —?" I asked.

"Had to seek the aid of the manager, and she was removed."

"But tell me," I urged, "of the rise and progress of 'the Japs.' When were they born? Forgive my indiscretion—" as three flower-decked heads were haughtily tossed; "I mean, when did they commence to coruscate?"

"The idea occurred to me," explained the fair pianist, "at a Henley Regatta. I was on a houseboat with some friends, and the peripatetic singers with their indifferent voices and commonplace songs made so much money, that I thought a party of trained voices with a fresh and sparkling repertoire ought to command success. So we came, were seen, and conquered. We sang before the Duke of Cambridge at Baroness Eckhardstein's the other night, and are engaged by several of the smartest hostesses for their parties. For these occasions we have some lovely costumes of hand-painted satin."

"Mine is decorated by a Salon artist," whispered the yellow Jap.

"We are constantly getting letters from people who want to join us," said her blue sister. "Here is an offer I received yesterday," handing me a half-sheet of finger-marked note-paper inscribed—

DERE JAPS,—i shud like to join yew. i can play the Accordion a trete, only the misses wont let me Praktise. Shes a Cat.—Yores respeckfull, ANNIE B—rite soon.

And then the four masked minstrels hastened away to give their piquant songs and dances at a Drawing-Room tea. But who are they when those provoking veils are laid aside?



THE JAPS—A WELL-KNOWN MEDLEY OF MASKED MINSTRELS.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



MISTRESS : Did you bring a receipt, Dora ?

DORA : No, Mum ! The man with the red whiskers said he should scratch 'em off.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## A MAY-WEEK IDYLL.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

May Week in Cambridge had been over some few days. Continuous and brilliant sunshine had formed the only peculiarly novel feature in the gaieties; for the rest, men had exhibited the usual time-honoured promptitude in affixing dubious colours to their respective colleges, and pretty women had accepted these old sweet lies in the old sweet way; perspiring heroes had conveyed more or less unwieldy tubs down to Ditton Corner, had cheered wildly as the eights passed, and had found the reward of virtue in eating bananas in close juxtaposition to the temporary maidens of their hearts; "Light-Blue ryce cy-arads" had been sold at varying prices, and had had their correctness voiced in many different keys; men's sisters had come out of nothingness, so to speak, clad airily, light-stepping as for victory; they had been seen, and they had or had not conquered, according to circumstances.

And all these things had passed by, leaving the old town to shrug contemptuous shoulders at the vagaries of these creatures of a day. The Backs of King's wore a distinctly reproachful air this afternoon: they were unable to understand why the mere incident of a boat procession should have entitled the Gentile herd to tread the lawn sloping down from the Fellows' Buildings; this lawn and the strip of grass running along the river-bank wore a brown, dishevelled look that seemed to have little remembrance of its wonted green.

An ancient bedmaker was traversing the pathway immediately under Clare windows, and a belated don was leaning over the bridge; nor did those moribund features of the landscape in any way serve to rouse it from its afternoon sleep—perhaps they intensified the slumber.

Suddenly an echo from the vanished gaieties came into the midst of this place of grey and shadow tints—a Canadian canoe drifted lazily under Clare bridge. The male occupant of the craft wore the garb—flannels, to wit—in which it is well-nigh impossible to take life seriously; he had a pipe between his teeth, and the fact that its mouth-piece was of vulcanite, not amber, proclaimed that he had journeyed beyond his first year. From his appearance, one would have correctly set him down as being at the end of his University tether. His companion was everything that the warm heart of the Backs on a spring evening could have desired—which is merely a figurative way of expressing the fact that she was more pretty than was desirable did a man value his peace of mind.

"Here we are at the old willow. What do you say to coming to anchor for a bit?" he remarked, bringing the Canadian close in to the bank.

"That is just what one finds so impossible in life—coming to anchor, I mean," she said, dabbling her left hand in the water.

He did not respond until the two paddles had been fixed firmly in the mud on the river-side of the canoe. There had been just this same uncertain, half-petulant note underlying most of the girl's words lately, and, because he could not understand it, it irritated him. The boat secured, he lay back and relit his pipe.

"Look here, Di," he jerked out presently, "what is the good of beating about the bush?" There's something wrong, and you are worrying yourself about it, and I am going to make you tell me everything. You used to tell me everything—once, Di, without invitation," he added, with an attempt at railleury that was chiefly pathetic.

She kept her eyes resolutely fixed on the water; a quick colour came into her cheeks, and as suddenly left them. Finally, she shook her head with an odd, backward, rebellious gesture, and laughed across at him; the laughter sounded so genuine that it almost deceived herself.

"Don't be a duffer, Hugh," she observed. "May I not be sententious now and then without being forced to explain that I mean nothing at all? Now, will you please amuse me? It is a shame to waste an afternoon like this."

The other's face brightened; it did indeed seem a day when difficulties could only arise in order to give people the pleasure of removing them.

"Of course it is," he echoed. "You see, dear, all the gods and the fairest of mortals—meaning your delightful self—seem to be conspiring for my happiness; when the gods behave in this odd kind of way, we are told to distrust them. First of all, I have you—have had you, quite fast, since the days when I robbed orchards, and you, like a second Eve, ate the apples; then I have secured two Firsts and a reasonable of a Fellowship; lastly, a most commendable maiden-aunt sees fit to die and endow me with the wealth that perishes. It is too much, you know, Di, not a doubt of it; the stagey thing to happen is for me to lose you, and thereby make dust and ashes of all my other possessions."

He did not for a moment believe that this would happen, as was evident from his tone; nor did he notice an abrupt, vicious movement on the part of his companion. He was gazing pensively at the prospect on his left.

"Do you know," he recommenced presently, "I can't, for the life of me, help feeling sentimental, and grey, and awfully sorry for myself, when I think that Cambridge is over and done with. Look at that bit of Clare there, gazing out upon King's with such a genial eye; then there is the willow above us, and the bridge from which one used to listen to the nightingales, and—and the Fen sunsets one has seen, and the cheery life. All gone, Di, for ever and for ever."

"All gone," she echoed, in a voice that was almost tragic by comparison with the half-flippancy of his.

"Staying up here indefinitely as a don is not the same thing," he went on. "The glamour wears thin, and one slips into formulae in place of feelings, and acquires uncanny views of women. You have met Roberts often lately, haven't you? He is only just thirty, and yet he has settled into his groove as if he were a hundred-and-ten. As a coach he is marvellous, and I have every admiration for the way in which he has pulled me through; but—but—I should have liked to exhibit the genuine Roberts to you, Di; you would have been edified, I think. I never met a man who could so effectually turn his blind eye to the good qualities of women."

"Ah!" murmured the girl.

"Let us go down the river again," she said after a pause; "I have something to say to you, Hugh, and it will be easier if we are in motion."

He obeyed, in an absent kind of way. His mind had stolen away again on a private little expedition of its own; not until now had he realised the whole force of the separation-wrench, and numberless scraps of association were intruding themselves on his notice. Then he became conscious of the silence, and ashamed of the feelings that had played truant from their proper feminine groove; in returning to the present, he halted at a conversational half-way house which they had passed not long ago.

"I have often wondered what would happen to Roberts if he met his destiny written large," he mused audibly; "it would knock him clean out of time, I fancy, should he lose. That is the worst of these men who go on in smiling indifference to amatory dangers; they are pulled up with a horrid jerk. Don't you think infant vaccination with love-lymph is to be advocated? You don't take it half as badly in that case."

"Oh, Hugh, why will you be so—so frivolous!" pleaded the girl, something between amusement and desperation in her voice.

"Can't help it, Di, for the life of me; I was born so, you know."

They were regarding the same situation from exactly opposite standpoints, and each jarred on the other; the man could not understand why the girl was so irresponsible this afternoon, and the girl wondered how the man could fail to see her trouble and to give her a helping hand towards explanation. She was just bracing herself for the effort, when the canoe came abruptly to rest.

Some years ago an enthusiastic Professor of Botany spent a holiday abroad, and while roaming somewhere at the other side of the world he chanced upon a highly interesting water-plant. It occurred to him to see whether the plant would grow in English waters; he accordingly brought home a few specimens, and dropped them thoughtfully into the Cam. The experiment succeeded beyond his wildest expectations; the results whereof, are they not written in the annual curses of Cam watermen?

Two men in a punt were now occupied in cutting these weeds, spread thickly over the surface of the water; they were surrounded by the floating débris, in the midst of which the Canadian was securely imbedded. The weed-cutters, grasping at any relief from the monotony of their labours, made loud stage-remarks to each other, in which the cause of obstruction and matrimony and safe captivity mingled with oratorical grace.

The man laughed, but the girl did not; on the contrary, an altogether unreasonable flush of vexation mounted to her face.

"For heaven's sake, Hugh, get the canoe clear; it is too odious!" she exclaimed.

Finally he succeeded in extricating the craft, and they paddled down the river.

"I'm awfully sorry, Di, that my carelessness put you in the way of rough chaff of that kind; but don't you take it rather too seriously? They didn't mean any harm," he ventured.

"Oh, cannot you see, cannot you see? It is the falseness of one's position."

He opened his eyes wide; the idea, being an entirely novel one, could not be grasped in a moment.

"I am going to tell you a story, Hugh," she went on, with more composure, "and you shall give me your verdict on it. Don't stop; I can't bear to remain still. The story is about a woman and a man of whom the woman was very fond—so fond that she had promised, almost before she grew up, that she would marry him. She did not know that love meant something else, until—until she came up to Cambridge one May Week. Hugh, please don't look at me in that way; it is only a story. Well, she met someone very often, more often than she had a right to do, during that week; she did not realise the end to which they were drifting—she was merely interested in drawing a grave, book-hardened man out of his shell; being rather wilful, she could not be confronted with a solid wall of ice and not wish to thaw it."

The man's face was the colour of damp parchment. "Go on," he said, as she halted in the telling.

"She succeeded, Hugh. It all came about on the night of a certain College Ball, beneath an old willow—the same under which we anchored not long ago. The wall of ice melted, suddenly, *en masse*, and the rush of water carried both of them away. It was then that the woman learned the added element which converted fondness into love; it was then that she lost sight of honour and allowed the man to kiss her."



MISS MAY MARTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIS AND WALEY, BAKER STREET, W.

"Good God!"

She had not dreamed that Hugh would take it like this; sorry, very sorry, she expected him to be, but not anguished. She had grown up with him, and tragedy always seems out of place with people who have become dovetailed into our lives by commonplaces.

"Hugh, you must not think I—gave you up," she said, with the silly struggle of a sheep that sees the slaughter-house door before it. "I told him almost at once that I was bound to you, and I shall not break my promise. Only, I had to confess, because it would not have been right to conceal it from you."

They were close in to the left bank of the river, and a step was audible on the pathway. Both looked up; both turned their eyes from the bank to each other, and a light broke in on Hugh.

"That's Roberts, the man who pulled me through so well," he observed chaotically. "Would you like to land, Di?"

"No, no!" she cried.

But the canoe was already brought to, and he had leaped on shore. Mechanically she took the hand he held out to her; mechanically she responded to the confused greeting of Eustace Roberts, classical coach and father of unnumbered Firsts. One among the last-born of his offspring seemed to be somewhat intoxicated this afternoon; perhaps the heat had been too much for him.

"You're a decent old sort, Roberts," he remarked, hilariously slapping his preceptor on the back; "and I—congratulate you. Should never have expected it; sly dogs, you cynical beggars. Don't mind me—enjoy this kind of thing, you know. Good-bye, good-bye; I must be off. No good missing Hall, you see, for the sake of being *de trop*."

Before they could stop him, he was well out in the middle of the river and paddling hard in the direction of King's.

"Poor chap!" muttered Roberts.

"Poor chap!" said the girl. "Is that all you can find to say appropriate to the occasion?"

"Yes; the rest is away behind, shut up beyond the reach of words," he responded gravely.

## TWELVE LETTERS FROM J. H. SMITH, ESQ

Feb. 2, 1897.

DEAR MISS BROWNE,—

No 1.

Yours truly,

J. H. SMITH.

March 26, 1897.

DEAR MISS BROWNE,—

No. 2.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN H. SMITH.

April 10, 1897.

MY DEAR MISS BROWNE,—

No. 3.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN HENRY SMITH.

May 16, 1897.

MY DEAR MISS BROWNE,—

No. 4.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN HENRY SMITH.

May 26, 1897.

MY DEAR MISS BROWNE,—

No. 5.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN HENRY SMITH.

June 2, 1897.

MY DEAR MISS BROWNE,—

No. 6.

Evers yours most sincerely,

JOHN HENRY SMITH.

June 10, 1897.

MY DEAR MISS DAISY,—

No. 7.

Ever yours,

J. H. S.

June 16, 1897.

DEAREST MISS DAISY,—

No. 8.

Ever and always yours—in hope,

JOHN HENRY SMITH.

June 27, 1897.

MY DARLING,—

No. 9.

Yours ever and always,

JACK.

July 2, 1897.

MY BEST BELOVED,—

No. 10.

Your own,

JACK.

July 18, 1897.

SWEETEST AND MOST DEAR,—

No. 11.

Yours till death—and after it,

J.

Aug 9, 1898.

DEAR DAISY,—

No. 12.

Yours,

J. H. S.

## MISS MARIE CORELLI'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

"You *must* come down for our bazaar! We want you to look after the raffles, and talk to Marie Corelli."

Thus ran the imperious little note that summoned me (writes a *Sketch* correspondent) from dusty London to leafy Warwickshire, and with a cheerful heart I caught the newspaper-train at Paddington, a few summer mornings ago, and landed in good time for lunch at the quaint little town of Henley-in-Arden. And what bustle I found on my arrival! Everywhere girls in white dresses, laughing, chattering, running to and fro, all as happy as a swarm of bees in June. I was pushed here and jostled there; now it was a tack that was wanted, then I must climb a ladder. There was no time to flirt until the great event of the opening ceremony was over. I waited as patiently as might be for the appearance of the principal guest.

At half-past three, then, we assembled in a semicircle at the mouth of the large tent, and gazed with reverent awe at the tiny platform from which our famous personage was to speak. At twenty to four the word went round that she was coming; and so indeed she was, leaning on the arm of the Vicar. And what had we come out for to see? A hollow-eyed and gaunt-figured visionary, clad in the sable of malevolence and nurtured on morbid fantasies? No, indeed; but a plump and rosy little woman, all smiles and sunshine, beaming happily on the present-day inhabitants of Shakspeare's land, and trying, most successfully, to quiet the nervous tremors so natural on the occasion of a first real speech in public.

But, hush! The lady is on the platform, and we must not miss a syllable.

"First of all," she begins, "let me thank you for the very kind welcome here. I assure you I think it a very great compliment on the part of your Vicar and his Committee to have invited me to be present at this function. I think we all know very well what a bazaar is. It is peculiar and distinctive; it is a way of charming the money out of our pockets. We wish it be charmed to-day, because we always know when such money is obtained it is for a good purpose. Sometimes it is for a hospital; frequently it is for the restoration of a parish church. That is our object this afternoon. Now, there are some people who say that a parish church does not always require repair, but in this special case you cannot possibly offer that as an excuse for not spending your money. The parish church of Henley-in-Arden, is in a very sad state; indeed, there are holes in the wooden floor through which rats and mice, quite uninvited, may come to prayers. Also the pavement of the central aisle is so broken up that it has literally risen in wrath and become divided against itself. I hope this day you will come forward with your money, and make the parish church a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. It is a very old building. It is, I believe, five hundred or six hundred years old, and all that time it has been a place of prayer and praise, and I am sure that you will not allow it to suffer or fall into neglect and ruin at your hands. Now, I want you to set your hearts to the tune of generosity this afternoon, and I want you to spend, regardless of expense. I want you to be absolutely extravagant and reckless. The bazaar is full of very pretty things, some useful, some not useful, but all ornamental, and I can only recommend you to buy everything in the place. In the words of the immortal bard whose very spirit permeates the whole of your beautiful country, 'Leave not a wreck behind.' Set your hearts to the task, your wills to the deed, and spend your money, and make the whole thing a great and triumphant success. Ladies and gentlemen, may your purses to-day be like this bazaar, which I have now the honour to declare open."

Her voice is not strong, but its tones are very sweet, and the elocution so good that from my place on the outskirts of the throng I could hear every word. I felt that I wanted to thank the speaker, and, waiting my chance until she had completed her pile of purchases, I obtained an introduction, and stammered out a few feeble words.

"Thank you," said Miss Corelli. "Will you take me somewhere into the shade?"

We strolled away out of the crowd, still chatting about the speech. "You know," she said, "I was dreadfully nervous. I have never made a speech in all my life before. The other day I was giving away some prizes at a Workmen's Institute, and they kept pressing me to address the men, but I really hadn't the courage."

"But you have studied elocution?"

"For singing, yes; but not for speaking. I'm so glad you could hear properly. Tea? Oh, thank you! If you *would*."

Then we turned to other topics, but I fear I may not tell all that was said. Too soon Miss Corelli had to summon her carriage, and, as she drove away, amid the cheers of the busy buyers, I hurried off to the gambling-tent, and strove to drown regret in wild plungings for such high stakes as cockerels and wooden spoons. And—may the gods avert the omen!—I won

A naval officer on the Cape of Good Hope Station has hit upon a novel way of teaching his four-year-old little boy his alphabet. He refused to learn it by any of the methods known to schoolmasters—not because he was dull, far from that, but because he had no taste for anything so uninteresting. At last his father hit upon a quite original idea. He decided to utilise the child's love of everything connected with the sea, and set out to teach him the alphabet by means of the alphabetical signal-flags used in the Navy. He at once found that he had an apt pupil. The result of this tuition is that the child is now able to read off the signals between the ships with a facility which is quite surprising.

## THEATRE GOSSIP.

Miss Nella Bergen, who is the prima donna of "El Capitan," at the Lyric Theatre, has a voice of great power and wide register, while her

Miss Humphrys is a young singer who has made a reputation in America that London is likely to confirm. I heard her for the first time early in the present Season, and was struck as much by her complete knowledge of her own voice as by its quality. So many of our modern



MISS GAUNT, OF THE GAITY.  
Photo by Doiney, Ebury Street, S.W.



MISS NELLA BERGEN.  
Photo by Morrison, Chicago.



MISS JESSIE MACKAYE.  
Photo by Pach, New York.

handsome presence gives her part great distinction. Before she came out professionally she sustained the soprano music at Brooklyn Church, and afterwards in that of Newhaven, United States, and subsequently she was the soloist at the concerts given by the celebrated Gilmore's Band at Manhattan Beach. Her début in opera took place on the occasion of her succeeding Miss Marie Tempest in the leading rôle in Reginald de Koven's "Fencing Master," while her next engagement was as prima donna in "El Capitan" on its first production three years ago. Then, on the production of "The Bride Elect," by Mr. J. P. Sousa, who wrote both the book and the music, she created the title-rôle in that opera by permission of Mr. de Wolf Hopper, to whom she afterwards returned, and with whom she assisted in the production of "The Charlatan" last year.

Miss Jessie Mackaye, the bright and fascinating little leading lady with Mr. de Wolf Hopper in "El Capitan," at the Lyric Theatre, is a native of St. Louis, United States, and was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, though she comes of a strict Episcopalian family. As soon as she had left school, she joined Franklin Dargent's Academy of Dramatic Art. From there the Messrs. Frohman engaged her to create the New York Micah Dow with Miss Maud Adams in "The Little Minister," and as soon as that piece had run its course she was secured by Mr. de Wolf Hopper, and joined his company early last spring.

singers having the gift of a good voice abuse it by seeking for triumphs outside the range of their capacity. Miss Humphrys does not make that bad mistake, and her singing maintains its excellent quality from first to last. Her experience is considerable, embracing Italian and comic opera; but it is as a ballad vocalist that she seeks and will obtain the approval of the London public. A good voice, excellent training, and wide experience are helping Miss Humphrys to make a place for herself, in spite of the ever-increasing competition that cries "No room!" to all newcomers.

Miss Beatrice Ferrar goes to "the Lane" for the autumn melodrama.

I have consistently been an admirer of the stage work of Mr. Arthur Bouchier's clever wife, and "Sophy Fullgarney's" elder sister, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and hence I congratulate her sincerely on her having been selected by Mr. Arthur Collins to fill the gap left in the cast of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's forthcoming autumn drama at Drury Lane by the enforced retirement of poor Miss Ada Rehan, quite overcome by the catastrophe of Mr. Augustin Daly's death. Miss Violet Vanbrugh has come to the front splendidly these last few years, and I admired immensely, in particular, her performances in Mr. George Baneroff's "Teresa," Mr. Herman Merivale's adaptation of "Divorçons," "The Queen's Proctor," and in "The Ambassador."



MISS BERTINI HUMPHRYS.  
Photo by Marceau, San Francisco.



MADAME CAVALLAZZI.  
In "The Dream of Whitaker's Almanack."



MR. GEORGE SHELTON IN "HALVES."  
Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



MISS FERRAR IN "THE MANOEUVRES OF JANE."  
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MASTER PHILIP GORDON DOUGLASS AS MERCURY  
IN "AN AMERICAN CITIZEN."

Photo by Turner, Barnsbury Park, N.

Mercury that a bright future is in store for him in the dramatic profession, should he eventually elect to follow that calling.

Miss Noona Macquoid is a pupil of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, under whose tuition she spent some years at the Brussels Conservatoire, and of whom she speaks with warm affection. Miss Macquoid is also indebted to Signor Panzani, described by her as one of the first teachers in London. What she owes to nobody is a gift which makes song with her a simple, natural utterance, equally delightful to the composer and the author of the words—the words which are so often left by singers to the imagination of the audience. Then she has a rich contralto voice, eloquent in English, French, and German. It has that rare quality which makes the listener believe that the singing is the expression of the artist, and not a more or less technically perfect interpretation of the music. Miss Macquoid has sung with Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Madame Antoinette Sterling, and is very popular on the concert-platform. I doubt, however, whether the full range of her abilities has yet been disclosed. She ought to be invaluable to a manager in light opera.

Miss Rose Coghlan, the well-known actress, and wife of Mr. John Sullivan, has been one of the first victims to go under the "Kissing Bug's" ardours, and is now being treated by her doctor for its results. This horrid little animal is about half-an-inch in length, and has never risen to fame in its particular department until this season. Most things American, it is said, come to London; but, though we welcome the charming daughters of Brother Jonathan, we may, perhaps, be pardoned for suggesting that the "Kissing Bug" should remain at home.

Mrs. Lewis Waller will take on tour, towards the end of next month, a new drama dealing with the Irish Rebellion, and written by Mr. J. B. Fagan, whose illness, unfortunately, has hitherto prevented the fixing of the date for the first performance. The piece is to be given at a few suburban theatres and in three or four provincial towns, and will then probably be transferred to the West-End. Mr. Robert Loraine has been secured for the part of the hero, who is said to be "delightfully romantic."

Mr. Charles Morton is admittedly the "Grand Old Man" of the music-hall profession; he is just reaching his eightieth birthday, and thus, most aptly, his professional friends and well-wishers are organising a complimentary performance. The Morton Benefit, if so it might be termed, will be held next month at the Palace, which has been raised by the man thus to be honoured to a proud position among variety theatres. It will be a vastly more interesting and important affair than many of the too numerous music-hall "anniversaries" so called.

The theatre at Dalston not having proved quite the "gold-mine" that some people had anticipated, Mr. Edward Compton has, after about a year's intermission, very sensibly betaken himself to touring again, and with the resuscitated Compton Comedy Company will, no doubt, renew his former success throughout the provinces. Of course, Mr. Compton and Mr. Milton Bode remain the controlling authorities at the Dalston Junction playhouse.

The developments of the cinématographe become daily more and more astonishing. One does not usually associate the Westminster Aquarium, for instance, with performances of a very serious character. Yet here by means of the cinématographe may be seen without fatigue any afternoon the Passion Play just as it is performed at Ober-Ammergau, while a choir of boys sing softly extracts from "The Messiah" and various appropriate sacred songs. The series of moving pictures, which lasts about an hour, presents almost every important incident in the Life of Christ, beginning with the Annunciation and ending with the Ascension, thus recalling all the wonderful New Testament stories we learnt in our childhood. Each picture is preceded by an explanatory slide. The exhibition is conducted in a most reverent manner, and it is of special teaching value for children. The St. Stephen's Great Hall is set apart for the purpose.

A beautiful little book dealing with Shakspeare's Country has been written by Mr. Bertram C. A. Windle for Messrs. Methuen, and illustrated by Mr. Edmund H. New. The format has been based on that used in some of the books of Messrs. Dent.



MISS NOONA MACQUOID.

Photo by Lillie Garel-Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, July 26, 8.56; Thursday, 8.54; Friday, 8.53; Saturday, 8.52; Sunday, 8.51; Monday, 8.49; Tuesday, Aug. 1, 8.47.

Most of the long rides have been accomplished. The world has been circumcycled, Australia has been crossed awheel from ocean to ocean, Siberia has been penetrated. The two stiff jaunts yet to be accomplished are from Cape Town to Cairo, and the whole length of the American continent from Cape Horn to Klondyke. I quite anticipate that within the next couple of years some sturdy Britisher will attempt the trans-African journey. Meanwhile, a start is about to be made on the ride from one end of America to the other. A couple of friends will travel together, and they expect to take anything from two or three years in covering the ten thousand miles. Approximately, the western coast of the continent will be followed. They will go through the entire length of Chili, a parched land with little vegetation save a grey, wiry grass. There will next be the great ravines of the Andes to be mastered. After Valparaiso will come long stretches of sand-hills. The tropics will be passed through by way of Ecuador and Colombia, and so on to Panama and the northern continent. There won't be much trouble getting across the United States and into British Columbia. But it will be harder the further North the adventurers go until Alaska is reached, and that, probably, will be the worst part of it all.

By permission of the Committee, the dance of the East Sheen Lawn-Tennis Club took place the other evening at Sheen House, in the new ball-room. It was an exceptionally pleasant gathering, and comprised all the principal residents in Sheen and its vicinity. The ball-room, which leads from the spacious winter-garden, was tastefully draped in green and white, and this scheme of colour was carried out in the cool green of the palms and flowers surrounding the band-stand, and in the cluster-baskets which were suspended from the roof. The extensive gardens were prettily illuminated, and the intervals between the dances were spent under the umbrella-tents, which were fringed with tiny variegated lamps. Among the guests, which numbered two hundred and fifty, were Sir Harry Prendergast, Lady Prendergast, and daughters, Lady Ommanney and Miss Ommanney, Lady Wigan and Miss Wigan, Lady Rugge Price, the Hon. C. Home Sinclair and Miss Home Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Wylde, Mr. and Mrs. Vernet and Miss Vernet, Mrs. Bagot and party, Mrs. Firth and party, Mr. A. Leicester Penrhyn, Miss Rivett-Carnac, Mr. de St. Croix, Mr. and Mrs. Kelsall, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Clare, Mrs. Phipps Carey and party, &c.

The Humber Cycle Company, Limited, have just received orders for a Beeston Humber cycle, fitted with the new "free wheel and back-pedal brake," for the Duke of York. The same firm have also received instructions to supply Princess Victoria with a No. 19 Beeston Humber cycle, fitted with the new "free wheel and back-pedal brake," and two special juvenile tricycles for the daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Have you never, when out wheeling, noticed the tread of some tyre stamped along the roadway, and followed it with a quiet interest in the man who had ridden along making that tyre-track, and wondered how long had elapsed since he had passed? I remember in America following such a track for four days. It got quite exciting at last. Now, very good sport that cycle clubs might have would be to have a tyre-track chase on days when the road is dusty or recovering from rain and the tracks are plainly marked. The tyre design should be very distinctive, or something could be applied that would make it distinctive. Two good riders should set off, with a certain start, and then, following the trail, the whole club should give chase. But it would be well to avoid the region of Kingston for this game.

A man named J. J. Lewis holds a unique world's record. Within one year he has been astride twenty-two thousand bicycles, and has ridden each of them half-a-mile or more. Riding new bicycles was his fad, and he is not likely to have an imitator.

A silly letter, signed by one Archibald E. Ford, appeared in an evening paper the other night. He says it is to be feared that cycling to church on Sunday exerts a baneful influence on one's acquaintance—

For it is practically impossible for them to know, without telling, that you are going to church when they see you cycling on a lovely summer Sabbath morning. So how are we to let everyone know that we are not—at least, in that way—Sabbath-breakers? I would suggest the manufacture and wearing of a small badge, as artistic as possible, to be worn where pedestrians can easily see it as the cyclist wheels along, and which would come to be known as the "Church-Going Cyclist Badge."

I don't know that I've ever read before so absurd a proposal for flapping one's personal sanctity in the eyes of the less holy.

The bicycle is about to be used in the design of a new American postage-stamp. A mounted bicycle messenger-boy will be the central figure of the special-delivery stamp for use in Cuba. The bicycle is rapidly being utilised all the world over in the service of the Post Office. A newspaper from the Antipodes states that eighteen cyclists are now employed in Melbourne to clear the postal-pillars. Formerly, the work was done by horses-and-waggons and drivers and clearance officials. All these have been abolished in favour of the cyclist. Mr. H. Lenne, the manager of the Melbourne General Post Office cycle corps, recently said this: "Each cyclist does the work of a waggon-and-horse and the man who drove the horse and the man who cleared the pillars. The amount saved by the G.P.O. has been figured out at £2000 a-year."

America is certainly the land of the eccentric as well as of the dollars. Oliver Traill, a Yankee dandy, familiarly known as the Society Pet, has set the fashion at Newport rolling in a new direction. He rides a tandem-bicycle, with a negro attendant on the rear seat doing all the necessary pedalling. A popular New York damsel, Miss Violet Longstreet, has followed suit, and rides tandem to and from the golf links, and makes her caddy do all the propelling.

I suppose those who intend touring this year have already made up their minds where they will go. A month ago I pressed the advantages of touring from a centre rather than wandering awheel all over the country. To explore a county or a locality thoroughly is capital entertainment. It takes you along the by-lanes, and my experience tells me there's more benefit to be got from wheeling in despised by-lanes than in whirling from big town to big town along high roads.

There are ninety archdeacons of the Church of England. But only three of them cycle. The Church needs converting.

Of course, there are far too many bicycling accidents in the streets. This is not because bicycling is a dangerous pastime, but because there are so many thousand careless and incompetent riders. When I read of a man dashing down a hill, brakeless, and receiving a cracked skull at the bottom, I confess I have no sympathy. I think I am a good rider; but I abhor wheeling through the traffic in congested thoroughfares. The game is not worth the candle. But I have seen cyclists who can't keep a straight wheel, but begin wobbling when carriages and vans and carts close around them rather uncomfortably, risk their poor lives by dashing between horses and dodging policemen at the crossings. Accidents are chiefly due to imbecility or foolishness, or a mixture of both. A good deal more is made in the newspapers of a bicycle disaster than, say, a carriage smash-up. The French cycling journal *Le Vélo* has turned the tables, and published an article entitled "The Noble Beasts; or, The Gaieties of the Horse." It gives a list of the accidents caused by horses in France during the month of June. They numbered 619, of which 52 ended fatally.

I have been pressing on this page the delight of all-night jaunts, and letters have reached me from men who have had such rides, and they are simply enthusiastic. Here's another suggestion. How many London cyclists have seen London streets devoid of their traffic? To those who want a pleasant and interesting experience, I would suggest that they fix their alarm-clock to go off at 2.30 a.m. Rise, wash, take a light meal, and then start off for a ride through London—Oxford Street, Holborn, Regent Street, Piccadilly, the Strand, through the City; anywhere, indeed. The air in London at three and four o'clock on a summer morning has a delicious freshness. The empty streets look strange compared with what they are at midday. The first time I took a ride through London thoroughfares at early dawn, I was struck with the rise and fall of the ground. Streets that I had thought were practically level now showed themselves to rise and fall undulatingly. You can never see this when the way is blocked with omnibuses and cabs and general rubbish.

J. F. F.

## THE BISLEY MEETING.

Among the many prizes competed for at the National Rifle Association's Annual Meeting on Bisley Common is the Cup presented by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. This year's prize is an elaborately



THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP.

chased massive silver bowl on an ebonised plinth. It was manufactured by J. W. Benson, Limited, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, and bears the following inscription: "Presented by the Proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*, 'All Comers' Prize, 1899."

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## GOLF ON THE CONTINENT.

Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a very readable article to the current number of the *North American Review* about golf, dealing largely with its appearance on the Continent. In the same connection this old print is interesting. It shows golf as played in Holland in 1728, and is taken from a curious book in the possession of Mr. Charles van Noorden, published at Amsterdam in 1728, dealing with Man's Life.

## RACING NOTES.

Mr. Dundas, the able Clerk of the Course at Goodwood, is a brother of Lord Zetland's. Since he succeeded Mr. Forbes, Mr. Dundas has effected many improvements to the course and the stands, but there is more to be done. I think, now that cycling has become so popular, there should be a cycle-pen built in the plantation at the back of the stand, and that cycles should be housed at a moderate fee. Many visitors from Bognor, Chichester, Littlehampton, Southsea, Arundel, and Worthing would pedal on their machines to the meeting if they were sure of having their "bikes" looked after. Of course, a fair fee should be charged, but not the exorbitant prices one has to pay now at the cloak-room. I am certain a bicycle-house would pay for itself in no time, and it would be a great boon to cyclists dwelling on the South Coast during the Sussex fortnight. Cycling to Goodwood will be the fashionable pastime among the Upper Ten in the near future.

The Goodwood Plate did not obtain such a good acceptance as I for one had looked for, but it may be that owners will not risk training their horses on the hard ground for two-mile races with the Cesarewitch in view. Only sixteen horses are left in the race out of an original entry of thirty-three, which is not a good average. I have heard for some time that Harvest Money is in good form, and this horse may win if he can beat Sinopi, who will represent Marsh's stable. By-the-bye, Marsh and John Porter are always good to follow at Goodwood, and of the jockeys, M. Cannon, Madden, and T. Loates generally do well. Cannon always shines on this course, as his father did before him, and Watts is the only danger to "Morny" when both are riding two-year-olds at Goodwood. The course looks an easy one to ride, yet the light-weights do not, as a rule, shine on it.

It is early yet to refer to the St. Leger, and I really cannot say whether Flying Fox will start for the race or be reserved for the Jockey Club Stakes. It can, however, be taken for granted, if the Duke of Westminster decides to keep the Fox at home, it will only be done because his Grace thinks Frontier good enough to capture the St. Leger. If, however, Flying Fox is an absentee, I think Birkenhead would win easily, as I believe him to be a thorough stayer, and, what is more, I fancy it was intended to prepare him specially with a view to lowering the colours of Flying Fox on the Town Moor. Of course, Caiman, with Sloan in the saddle, would have to be reckoned with, and here I would say that I am very sorry the American is to be kept out of the saddle for the next few weeks, as he is, without a doubt, one of the best jockeys who have ever ridden over an English racecourse. He erred on the right side in trying to get well away at the start, and although the fault is a punishable one under certain conditions, it is not a bad one.

I have been investigating the claims of several starting-gates of late, and while I should not like to undertake the job of making a final selection for the Jockey Club, I might add that I have come across a couple of machines that are likely to become popular with owners and trainers, if not with jockeys. One is Couch's patent, which is an Australian idea; it is easily worked. Indeed, the Princess of Wales tried it several times at Sandringham recently, where it worked easily and quickly. Another machine that has been brought to my notice is the patent of Major M. J. Kenney, of Limerick. It was tried the other day at Ascot, and gave the completest satisfaction to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, the tape being easily raised by Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and also by a little boy of twelve, a relative of Lord Rothschild. I think the two machines I have referred to will become popular, as they are simple in construction, and are cheap.



HOW THE DUTCH USED TO PLAY GOLF.

This is the jubilee year of the Duke of Connaught, and a correspondent suggests that the Sandown Park Executive should institute a big handicap, to be called the Connaught Stakes, in honour of the event. Her Majesty the Queen during the first few years of her married life sometimes stayed at Claremont, and the Prince of Wales no doubt spent some of the happiest days of his early boyhood in riding about the neighbourhood. Claremont is so called after the Duke of Newcastle and Marquis of Clare, whose mansion it was. On his death it was sold to the great Lord Clive, who built the present mansion at a cost of

£100,000, an immense sum in those days. On his death it changed hands several times, and about a hundred years ago the then owner lost the whole of the manor and the mansion at one night's sitting at play (Hazard). It was afterwards bought for Princess Charlotte, daughter of the then Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., when she was married to Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians. It subsequently became the private property of her Majesty, who settled it on Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, and the Duchess still resides there.

I think one of the funniest sights at Goodwood or Brighton is to be seen when a dark thunder-cloud is observed to be approaching the stands. Every man without exception proceeds to take his handkerchief from his pocket to brush the chalk-dust off his hat. The combined effect reminds one of a full house at the Albert Hall turning over the leaf of a programme. It is, by-the-bye, necessary to get rid of the dust on your clothes before the least cloud overtakes you on the South Coast.

I have read a very interesting little work by "Analyst," which is published by my old friend Mr. Edmund Seale, of Imperial Arcade, E.C., and, although Mr. Seale is getting on in years (he gave Mr. Clement Scott his first job when he owned the *Sunday Times*), he is, I am glad to notice, looking as well as ever. But to the book. "Analyst" deals in a thorough technical fashion with handicaps, courses, framing weights, breeding, training horses, and last, but by no means least, tipsters. I have no space here to go into details, but will give just one instance of "Analyst's" smartness in dealing with the game. He contends that, in framing a handicap, allowance should be made for the course on which it is to be run, and I am with him there. Our handicappers do not consider the difference in the shape and make of courses at all; thus we see good handicaps ruined at times. The work, I may add, is dedicated to Lord Durham, the Forward member of the Jockey Club, who will find in its pages some very useful reading.

CAPTAIN COE.



ARCHERY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Luggage-laden omnibuses, portmanteau-crammed cabs, and the nimble hansom with the easily moved chattels of the gay bachelor, are the chiefest objects of outside interest that strike the stranger at this present moment of the fizzled-out Season in town.

The sales, as usual, have had a good innings, and the eternal feminine has luxuriated in exchanging useful coin of the realm for the all and still more sundry of the shops during the past week or two. A few

abounding in hordes. Marienbad, which has sprung into favour of late years, also is crammed at the moment with gaily dressed water-drinkers.

The Duke and Duchess of Orleans are up betimes at the springs each day, while Lord Clarendon, Lady Fairbairn, Prince and Princess Raoul de Rohan, and Baron Arthur de Rothschild are a few of the interesting people to be seen every morning at the springs or driving amidst the lovely scenery which surrounds this pleasant little Austrian town. In the framework and foliage of winding ways, one comes too at every turn upon lovely ladies in the most up-to-date costumes, and this curious mixture of sylvan background, simple surroundings, and the



A SMART WALKING-DRESS.



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING COSTUME FOR THE COUNTRY.

days more, and the closed window-shutters and deserted Park will once more symbolise the shrouded, sheeted, and already forgotten Season. Such is the way of life, but more absolutely of London perhaps than of any other place, where the change is so sharp and sudden, from pleasures and gaiety unmitigated, to the barrenness and emptiness that so swiftly succeed them.

Meanwhile, people are spreading themselves over sea and spa in various directions. The foreign Boniface rejoices, and English coin flows freely through far-off lands and streams into the pockets of the swallow-tailed Continental fraternity. Aix seems fuller than ever this year, with new hotels, a new theatre, and dozens of new faces, besides the old and faithful ones of every July, while the famous Guignol is once more to the front and the Casino is in full swing, devotees of the Queen of Clubs or the variety entertainments, as the case may be,

brilliant Birds-of-Paradise who flutter their plumage for a space amidst its somewhat simple surroundings, makes one of the charming contrasts for which Marienbad is already celebrated.

Another peculiarity of the place is the state of naturalness into which these *belles dames* of many nationalities are resolved after a few weeks' application of the waters, external or otherwise. Their cheeks bloom, but not with applied roses, and even their hair seems to return to the glossiness with which nature and not peroxide first endowed it.

The subject of flowing locks, by the way, always a pregnant one with the eternal feminine long even before mediæval Venetian belles turned their ruddy tresses to still brighter purposes by chemicals and sun-rays, is answered at last, or, at least, the vexed question of keeping the natural colour of the hair bright and glossy may now be considered an easily accomplished possibility, since a modern scientist discovered and produced

that fluid of great excellence which is obtainable under the style and title of "Captol." To use this preparation night and morning not alone absolutely checks falling out or loosening of the hair, but restores by a natural action the lustre and vigour which were its inheritance at sweet seventeen.

No one, in a word, should either travel or stay at home without a flask of this restorative fluid, which is as indispensable in its own connection to "woman's crowning glory" as is eau-de-Cologne to the dressing-table of civilised femininity, the special version of which, by the way, is famous under its number of "4711," and obtainable besides at the same headquarters of "Captol," in New Bond Street, No. 62, where the world-famous "Rhine Violets" perfume has also its root and centre.

At Homburg preparations are being made for the season on a large scale; perhaps, if one called it a siege, one would be as correctly within the mark, seeing how the guileless male is negotiated for, landed, and swallowed up whole at such head-centres of fascinating femininity.

The beauty that leads by a single hair is here not insufficiently supported by the silken thread of alluring chiffons as well, and such glamour as may be cast by laces, jewels, and other panoply of alluring woman, whose every art is exerted to its uttermost limits for the greater subjugation of the sometimes unpleasant, generally useful, but always necessary man.

The subject of jewels is always, by the way, a rather vexed one when we are taking our autumn wanderings into consideration, and roam far from the safe seclusion of bank or thief-proof safe. According to the laws and limits of present fashion, it is clearly impossible for any well-bestowed woman to appear abroad among her sister sylphs unsupported by a sufficient array of well-chosen jewellery with which to aid and abet her clothes. The days when the ugly gold brooch, with a microscopic pearl in the centre, fastened the primly cut collar, or broad manacles of yellow metal were considered the chiefest ornament of the rounded arm, have gone by. Nowadays our jewellery is well chosen, well designed, and a necessary finish of the best-thought-out costume, so that, no matter how elaborate our altogether, the jewel-set chain or charm, or bangle, or other paraphernalia of precious stones with which we adorn ourselves generally, has become a necessary feature of the well-finished toilette. While recognising this, many women are at the same time naturally reluctant to bring forth their most precious possessions on the highways and by-ways of dishonest Continental railway lines, and, in view of recent irritations, they certainly have reason. The inevitable middle course will here, however, rapidly suggest itself by means of those fascinating compromises which the Parisian Diamond Company place at hand. Tiaras, necklaces, corsage ornaments, or rope of pearls, are so admirably simulated and so exquisitely designed by this truly artistic firm that no one, however high her rank or observant her acquaintances, need fear to don the jewels which the Parisian Diamond Company produce. Even those whose lines lie in the most prosperous places can duly accredit themselves with well-bestowed gem-boxes at an outlay infinitesimal in comparison with the effects which it can encompass.

The Parisian Diamond Company's shops are, indeed, no longer strangers in our midst, but valued and highly appreciated rendezvous of discerning womanhood. Those, however, if such there be, who have

not yet seen for themselves the æsthetic value of their productions, may be advised to explore within the near future, if only on account of the possibilities which the possession of their beautiful jewels open up to the most unadorned of her sex.

Those who lay the domesticities to heart, learn of a new sweet, called "Kkovah Jelly," which, besides possessing a very delicious flavour, retains its symmetrical outline in the midst of the most stewing weather, without, at the same time, being either stiff or sticky. The addition of cherries, grapes, or other small fruit, greatly improves both the flavour and consistence of these excellent luncheon or supper sweets.

Mr. Willie Jamieson, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, was at the auction sale of the *Britannia* the other day, and got her for considerably less than half the price she had been sold for, so that the Prince, nautically speaking, came into his own again. All the Cowes folk rejoice exceeding over it.

Lord Iveagh, who has Thornhill House and three yachts to boot, will have large parties for the Cowes Week.

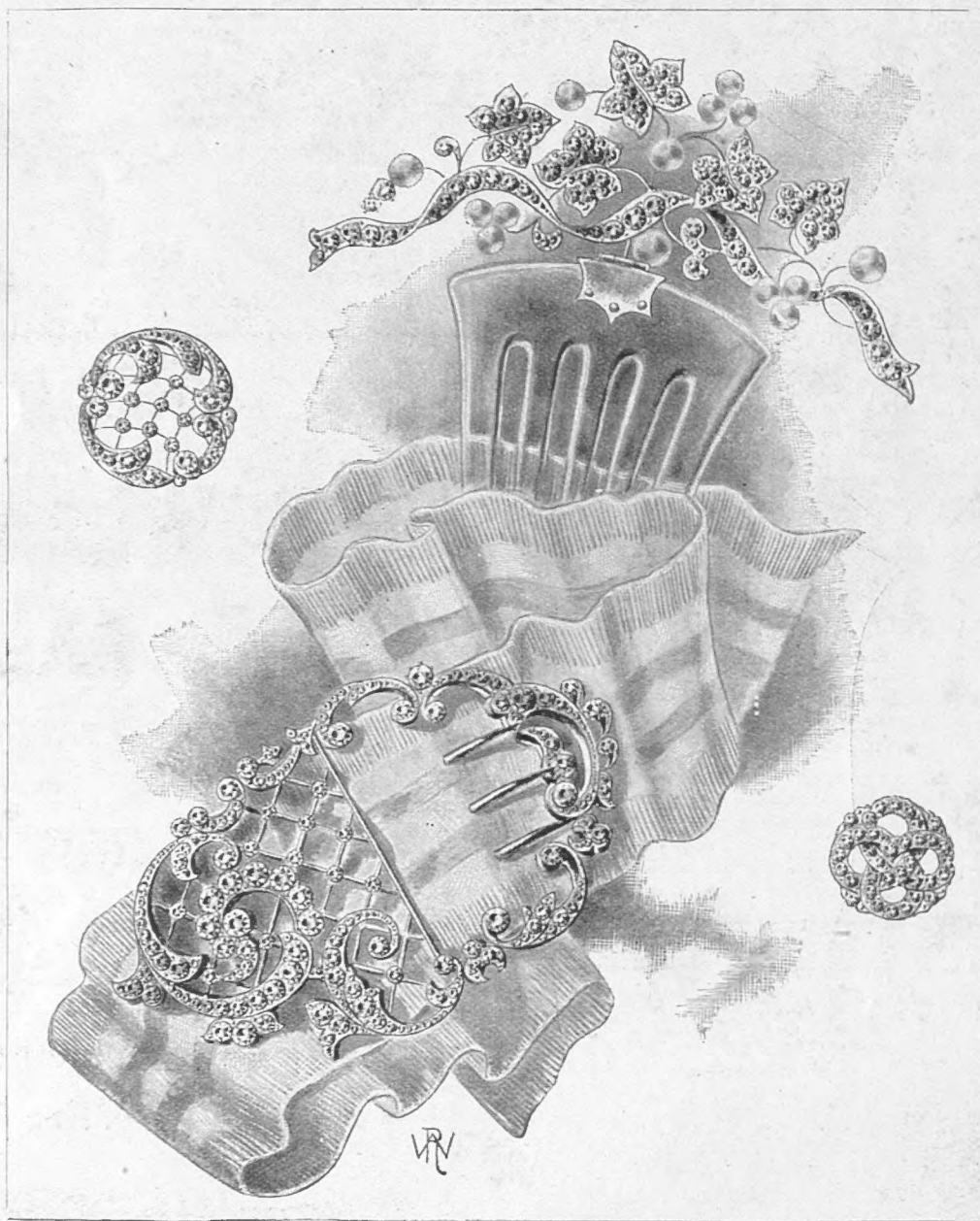
Lord Sudley will also be much to the front with his new boat, the *Susan*. Crowds of other owners are coming in every day to the favourite harbour, and there is every prospect of the coming Cowes Week being the biggest and smartest on record. The dress-makers are already "needling" for dear life, and, between Goodwood, Cowes, and the other various festive fixtures to follow at home and abroad, are as hard-worked as if the Season had only just begun.

With weather in this melting mood, the housekeeper, like Martha, becomes troubled about many things, and not the least of "Life's Little Ironies" is the persistency with which creams and jellies, and other comforts to which the dinner-hour is heir, refuse to accommodate themselves to a shapely exterior.

The Yale and Harvard gathering at Queen's Club on Saturday attracted a large number of fair Transatlantics, and one pretty girl wore a frock which greatly engaged my appreciative attention, seeing that it made quite a departure from the never-ending muslins and chiffons with

which every outdoor occasion is at the moment embellished. The dress, cut low at the neck, was of white brocaded faille, a bolero bodice with long-pointed fronts being made up over an inner bodice of white shirred mousseline-de-soie; shawl lapels of the silk surrounded the shoulders. Below the hips, a draped tunic, beautifully cut, fell in a point in front over a smart skirt of flounced mousseline-de-soie. The hat that went with this charming gown was a large black picture crinoline-straw, tilted up at one side, with a row of dark-red roses, and trimmed on the outside with a panache of feathers and choux of black mousseline.—SYBIL.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that, by their Royal Mail Route via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the special express day service on Saturday, Aug. 5, and also by the express night service on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 4, 5, and 6. To ensure punctuality, two or more trains and steamers will be run as required by the traffic. Tourists' Tickets available for one month are issued to Rouen via Dieppe, returning via Caen and Newhaven or vice versa.



NOVELTIES AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 14.*

## THE SITUATION.

The Money Market has not been satisfactory, but the Bank Return leads many people to think that the worst of the squeeze is over. We are drawing in gold in small quantities, yet the Continent remains much in want of the metal, and, if rates run down here, the drain upon us would certainly recommence. A more hopeful tone prevails as to the Transvaal affair, and, if the Money Market troubles were safely over, there would be a general expansion of Stock Exchange business, which, so far as the public is concerned, is very restricted at present.



MR. C. F. COURTNEY,  
OF THE CENTRAL MINE, BROKEN HILL.  
*Photo by Jenkinson.*

In the Miscellaneous Market business has been scanty. Welsbach stocks have calmed down, but there has been considerable buying of Sunlight shares, which have got to 14s. Among Electric Light securities, City of London shares have hardened, and we are glad to note that the directors of the Hampstead Company have at last repudiated all responsibility for the touting circulars which have been going round for some time. Why did they not do this before? It is strange how little interest shareholders take in the concerns of a company whose business is satisfactory, and this was more noticeable in the case of the annual meeting of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, than in the majority of instances. Out of about 3700 shareholders, only some half-dozen could

be found to attend the meeting, and not one of the half-dozen desired to ask a question. We suppose this sort of thing is flattering to directors, but it certainly is not good for them.

## HOME RAILWAYS.

Alas, those working expenses! How the directors of our leading lines must hate the very sound of those words, words that arouse a feeling of choler in the breasts of even gentle lady-shareholders. And, if we may judge from the reports that have already appeared, the time when some maximum of expenses shall have been reached is still as far off as ever. The Brighton Company, with its splendid traffic increase, is only able to declare a quarter per cent. more than it did a year ago, while the North-Eastern, with a still better record, will also distribute a mere quarter per cent. above its dividend in August 1898. It is not astonishing that speculation should have fled the Home Railway Market, because the day of surprises in that department is practically over and gone, and gamblers will not have anything which does not give them "a run for their money." This Home Rails emphatically do not (of course, our remarks do not apply to Chathams, Districts, or any of the pitch-and-toss stocks of the market), because it is not difficult to forecast approximately the amount of dividend payable by each company, taking the traffic returns as a guide. In the bad old days, these receipts were not quite so reliable, to put it mildly, as they are to-day, which was an excellent thing for speculation, but a very bad one for the stockholders, who may be said to have benefited by the driving out of the more reckless community from what has now become an unprofitable field for gambling.

The Great Eastern announcement was greeted with a good deal of satisfaction in the market, and the "bulls" are again talking the Ordinary stock to 150. Chathams sprouted upwards as hopes were circulated that the Second Preference dividend would be paid in full. Districts have relapsed heavily, and a seller of £5000 stock was only able to dispose of a couple at the ruling market quotation, so limited have dealings become. The time is drawing near for the clique to again commence operations in the stock. Midland Deferred has been in good demand by investors this week. Buyers, by the way, can save themselves stamp and fee by purchasing the new scrip, which will rank with the existing stock after payment of the August dividend, and this is allowed for in the price of the scrip. It is considered highly probable that there will be a rise in the Scotch stocks within the next three months.

## FROM BROKEN HILL.

The following letter from our Broken Hill correspondent gives, we trust, a fair account of the two great questions which are agitating that important centre of the Silver-Mining industry. The oxidised ores have come within a measurable distance of exhaustion, and the future of Broken Hill depends on the successful treatment of the sulphide deposits, which exist in practically unlimited quantities, and the value of the large quantities of zinc found mixed with the silver and lead as soon as any considerable depth is attained. Our correspondent, writing from

the field, gives the latest and best available information upon both of these points—

In mining perhaps more than in most things it is never safe to holler until one is out of the wood, and when I write that the Sulphide Problem of Broken Hill has been solved, I do so with reservations. It certainly seems as if the bugbear of the past few years has been overcome, but it is just as well to be cautious. It may be that we have only arrived at the verge of the solution. The treatment of sulphides and what is known as the "zinc question" are so interwoven that they are really one and the same thing.

The main Broken Hill line of lode, about two and a-half miles long, carries oxidised ore down to the 200-foot level; then the sulphide zone is encountered. Except in the Proprietary, British, and Block 14 Mines, these oxides have all been worked out. The Proprietary has, say, still 500,000 tons of this ore on hand; Block 14 also a considerable quantity, although of low grade; the British but a little. The Proprietary is working the oxidised stuff chiefly in the "open cuts," huge excavations which are now intruding on the underground sections of the mine. Altogether, the quantity of oxides still to be mined is so small that their value is not regarded except to mix with the sulphides in the smelters. Sulphides, and sulphides only, Broken Hill now depends on.

Barrier sulphide ore varies in value. I give the average half-year's assays (crude) of the mines at both ends of lode: South, 28.75 per cent. lead, 6.5 oz. silver, 16 per cent. zinc per ton of crudes; British, 18 per cent., 12 oz., 18 per cent.; Junction, 18 per cent., 10 oz., 15 per cent.; North, 22 per cent., 6 oz., 17 per cent. After milling, the concentrates go—

	Lead.	Silver.	Zinc.
South ... ..	65.6 per cent.	12.1 oz.	8.9 per cent.
British ... ..	58.0 "	26.0 "	9.0 "
Junction ... ..	62.0 "	24.0 "	8.0 "
North ... ..	66.5 "	11.5 "	8.0 "

The Sulphide Problem has been to most effectually separate the silver and lead from the zinc. The zinc, until a few months ago, was looked upon as mere waste, and the tailings from the mills were dumped aside as refuse, being used in various of the mines for filling the depleted stopes. Huge dumps of many hundreds of thousands of tons lie on the leases, and would have continued to lie there—or been sent below as filling—had not a smart Continental firm caught Block 10 napping. So useless were the zincs considered that no company included them as assets, so Block 10 looked upon the deal simply as yielding unexpected profit when an offer was made to take over 100,000 tons of the despised tailings at 5s. per ton. The average value of the 100,000 tons was 12.38 oz. silver, 6.43 per cent. lead, and 30.42 per cent. zinc. These figures disclose the present loss in the concentration of the crudes; they also reveal the extent of the buyers' bargain. It has been asserted, and not denied, that on over 20,000 tons already despatched a profit of £5 per ton was realised. Block 10 has over another 100,000 tons of tailings on hand—which are not for sale at 5s. per ton. When the value of these zincs thus became understood, the mines, instead of regarding them as waste-product, looked upon them as an important by-product, and there are signs that before long, if the price of zinc keeps well forward, they will rise to the importance of a primary product. The Proprietary Company alone had been sufficiently far-seeing to observe the possibility of this, and two of the best metallurgical chemists on its staff persevered at a process for more successfully separating the three valuable parts of crudes—the lead, silver, and zinc—so as to save each. Local experiments on a small scale have been followed by satisfactory trials at the hands of English experts, and Broken Hill is now awaiting an official announcement with regard to the erection of a complete treatment plant. In the meantime, the Australian Metal Company, a branch of an important German concern (the company that bought the Block 10 tailings), is (as already mentioned) erecting an extensive plant in Broken Hill solely for the treatment of local zincs. The smaller section of the plant is already at work, and has sent away to the Continent a first parcel of 150 tons of zinc concentrates. This is the beginning; although the path ahead may yet prove no short one, Broken Hill is well over the stile; hence, mining matters bear a much rosier hue than they did, say, two years ago.

The process being worked by the Australian Metal Company is kept a strict secret; the laws of the Diamond Compound in South Africa are no harsher than those surrounding the Railway Town plant. That it is an electro-magnetic process, to a great extent automatic, is all that will be admitted. As to the Koehler-Carmichael process, the inventors of that, too, are averse to making known anything yet awhile.

The sulphides increase in hardness with depth. No active working is yet carried on below 850 feet or so, but the belt of ore now being worked down to that depth is mixed heavily with rhodonite, an iron-hard intrusion. How far this will go down is, of course, unknown. Explorations below the 850 feet (in the Proprietary and Block 10) reveal good bodies of ore, well endorsing a prediction made in 1890, that "the lode, being a true fissure one, may be found to contain ore almost to unfathomable depths." Manager Warren, of Block 10, than whom no better judge exists, declares that the outlook of the field has not been equalled for many years, and those who know anything at all are decidedly in agreement with him.

To revert for one moment to the zincs, this list of zinc values right along the line may prove of interest: South, 15 per cent.; Central, 21 per cent.; Block 10, 24 per cent.; Proprietary, 20 per cent.; British, 19 per cent.; Block 14, 19 per cent.; Junction, Junction North, and North, each 16 per cent. This is the average value per ton of crudes. Of these crudes, from 60 to 70 per cent. of the lead and 48 per cent. of the silver contents only are retained by the process of concentration, with but a very small proportion of the zinc.

Of the mines individually, the sulphides "in sight" show no falling-off. The Proprietary has about 3,500,000 tons; then, in order, come the Central, Block 10, Block 14, South, and British. Block 10, during the past few months, has leaped forward with tremendous strides; on every hand huge bodies of ore are exposed, and the breaking of it is proceeding so rapidly that a further extension of the concentrating plant is an immediate necessity. Very shortly, by the way, the Proprietary extension will be completed; its capacity will then be 10,000 tons weekly. Next to the Proprietary, the Central (as I wrote in March) is to my mind the most valuable property along the line. It mills about 4500 tons per week, concentrates yielding 26 oz. silver, 65 per cent. lead, and 9.5 per cent. zinc. Now that the directors have cried a "go" with Mr. Ashcroft's expensive experiments at Cockle Creek, regular dividends ought to be possible. The British looks well, but I would like to see—and so would many others—active operations started on the section known as Block 16. It would not surprise me if it turned out one of the richest blocks on the Hill. The Mines Selection Company of London is at present considering the purchase and amalgamation of Junction, Junction North, and North Mines. How the deal will go is difficult to say with certainty, though I think the negotiations will fall through in favour of a proposal either to take the North or the Junction and Junction North. The Junction is, unfortunately, just now in bad odour, not through any fault of the mine, but owing to bad management and quarrelling directors. The Camden Syndicate (an English corporation) holds

about half of the shares, and it would not be a bad thing for the mine if it spoke out with no uncertain voice and took over the direct management. The Consols fully justifies what I previously wrote about it. This property is a marvel. Apparently the mine has an almost inexhaustible share of stuff, going from 60 to 95 per cent. of silver. I looked into the strong-room last week, and saw over £10,000 worth of stuff there awaiting shipment.

By the way, since Jan. 1 to date five of the mines have declared £190,000 in dividends. Block 10 directors promise to now pay regularly 3s. instead of 2s. Souths, owing to the necessity of adding to the plant, has been unable to keep to its 1s. 6d. per quarter, paying but 6d. this month; but I imagine the next declaration will be marked by a bonus of 1s. I still hold this to be an excellent speculation, and my advice *re* Proprietaries, Block 10's, Centrals, and Consols I repeat. Block 10's at present are 87s. against about 52s. when I wrote in March. The last half-year's transactions gave a profit of £50,000.

#### THE COURSE OF KAFFIRS.

The sudden change that came over Kaffirs during the week was hardly a surprise to those who have been attentively considering the situation. Readers of *The Sketch* have, we hope, profited by our attitude in declaring that war was as unlikely as a dividend on Chartered, and that the time when shares were pressed for sale was the very period for a prudent purchaser to lay in cheap stock. The grand question now is whether it is wise to take profits or to buy still further, and the elements of the case are as conflicting as ever. Let us, for a few lines, consider the main factors of the situation.

Has the fear of war been definitely dispelled? That, after all, is the immediate centre of the question, and we answer emphatically in the affirmative. Of course, we don't for a moment pretend to understand the Government's policy—nobody does; but it is not likely that the country at large would consent to a conflict upon the comparatively trivial grounds of dissent that remain between Downing Street and Pretoria. As a matter of fact, we hear from a friend in the Colonial Office that Mr. Chamberlain has recently received such information with regard to the final acquisition of Delagoa Bay as leads him to welcome anything that makes for peace with dignity in the Transvaal, for in the case of an open rupture between the latter country and our own, the Delagoa Bay scheme would again be shelved for goodness knows how long. The Boers are by no means eager to fight, so most things at present make for a peaceable solution of the Uitlander difficulty.

The question of native labour is another very serious one, but it must be remembered that this trouble will blow over immediately the larger one becomes settled. Not that it is likely to ever be entirely laid to rest, because, as South Africa is opened up more and more, there will arise an ever greater demand for cheap labour, and it is the experience of history that, with the march of conquest and civilisation, there is a marked tendency for aboriginal races to gradually die out. There is now, however, an abundance of natives, if only they can be induced to return to work, and, after their spell of enforced idleness—that is, poverty—we should imagine that they would be by no means unwilling to return to the Rand.

Are prices quite high enough already? This is the popular question, and one hears it repeated a hundred times a week. To it we reply that prices are sufficiently high for normal times; but, with any return of activity, there is room for much more advanced quotations. A real public interest in Kaffirs would send up Randfonteins and East Rand to 4 and 8 respectively; Goldfields, instead of standing at 7½, would rise right away to 10; and a very little outside buying would suffice to raise Rand Mines from 41 to 45. The market is all ready for a "boomlet"—witness the way in which shares were rushed up last Wednesday—but it is exceptional for public support to visit the markets during the summer-time. Perhaps in September or October we shall have that long-expected "boom." *Qui vivra verra.*

#### AN IMPROVING TRUST.

Again we venture to set before our readers a little Trust which is composed of stocks that are likely to improve within the next few years. We take our usual thousand pounds as a basis of investment, and split it up as follows—

	Cost (about).	Income.
£200 Greek Guaranteed ... ..	£200	£5 0
£200 Cape of G. Hope 4 per cent. (1883) ... ..	226	8 0
£200 Mexican 6 per cent. 1888 ... ..	202	12 0
£140 Chatham Arb. 1st Pref. ... ..	196	6 6
£200 Canadian Pacific 4 per cent. Pref. ... ..	206	8 0
	£1030	£39 6

The return, taking it all round, works out to £3 18s. 7d. per cent., being largely augmented by the addition of the Mexican Bonds to our list. These are included because the country is doing excellently well, and, even when the Bonds are paid off and replaced by a security bearing interest at 5 per cent., the position of the principal will be still more secure and the loss of income more than compensated by the advance that is likely to take place in the price of the Bonds.

Greek 2½ per cent. Guaranteed is a "strict Trust" investment, and has been largely bought by the Post Office Savings Bank of late. Somehow or another, it has never been popular in this country, but trustees will probably awake to its charms one day. It pays ½ per cent. more than can be obtained from Consols.

Cape of Good Hope stock has been unduly depressed during the recent crisis. The 4 per cent. stock in our list can be bought at about 112½, the next dividend being due in October. It has touched 115 this year, and in 1898 the price rose to 119½. The stock is redeemable between 1916 and 1936, and allowance must be made for this in calculating the exact interest.

Chatham First Preference has been strangely neglected in the rush to buy the Second Prefs.; but its turn is bound to come, if the latter gets a full dividend, as it most likely will do in course of time, if not at once. Canadian Pacific Preference we regard as one of the best of the second-class investments to be found in the markets.

#### ISSUES.

The Thames Iron Works Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Limited.—The authorised capital of this company is £600,000, divided into 300,000 5 per cent. Preference and 300,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, in addition to which there are £200,000 of 4 per cent. Debentures. The profits of the Thames Iron Works are given as an average for the last four years, although the certificate is not a very satisfactory document, and the weak spot of the prospectus appears to us to be the fact that no account is taken of the past trading of Messrs. John Penn and Sons, whose business is brought into the present company, and, for all that appears, it may be worked at a loss. The concern gets a lot of British Government business, and also orders from the Japanese Government, and will probably do well for some years to come.

The Horsfall Destructor Company, Limited, which is formed with a share capital of 100,000 shares of £1 each, to buy the rights of the Horsfall Furnace Syndicate, is one of those concerns which prudent people would be wise to leave alone. The reason given for the conversion of the syndicate into the present company is that more capital may be obtained to cope with the large increase of business. Too much reliance should not be placed upon the estimate of profits, for the business is largely in the experimental stage, and we have lively recollections of the failure of other furnace companies which once promised just as well as this one.

Saturday, July 22, 1899.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. F.—We can get no price for the Cold Storage shares. There was a meeting of the company at Cannon Street Hotel during the week, but no report has, as far as we can discover, been published in the Press.

OBSERVE.—(1, 2, 3, and 4). Are all good concerns, but prices have risen, and it is difficult to say whether they will go higher. We think 1 and 4 might be bought. Lake Views are said to be good for 30. (5) The people you refer to took over the business of the late "George Gregory and Co.," and are outside brokers who, so far as we know, pay when they lose. We cannot advise you to deal with them.

W. O'C.—There will not be any further meeting of this company until next year, but we are told an interim dividend will be paid next month.

H. W. M.—The people you name have, to our own knowledge, threatened to plead the Gambling Act, and the answer to A. J. P. is quite applicable to them, although it was written about another firm of outside brokers who carry on business in the West-End.

G. F. B.—It is strange that, writing from Rhodesia, you should ask information about concerns whose property is situated in your own country. (1) There are some respectable people on this Board, but it is not a concern managed by the inner Rhodesian circle. The property consists of 2157 claims and some coal lands; 480,000 shares have been issued. If there is a Rhodesian boom, the price may rise. (2) This concern is supposed to own seventy claims on the Umtilikwe River, known as the Early Bird and Iron Crown Reefs. The latest information is that the company was being reconstructed. (3) This is probably the best of the three, and may very likely do well.

S. B.—We regret for your sake having spoken well of the cycle shares. The season has proved worse than we anticipated, but these shares have not lost more in price than others. If you hold Ordinaries, they will probably not get a dividend. If they were our own, we should not sell either.

AJAX.—No late information appears to be obtainable. Write it off as a bad debt, as about two years ago an independent expert advised that the property was not worth spending more money upon.

DJON.—(1) We should hold, as some conversion is sure to be offered which will be equal to the present price. (2) One of the best Indian Railway stocks, and more likely to rise than fall. Of course, if the general price of high-class investment stocks becomes lower, there may be a fall of a few points, but in that event there would probably be a corresponding decline in whatever you put the money into. If you want a reasonable investment, buy some Gas Light and Coke Ordinary.

THREE SHARES.—(1) Keep these if you want a fairly safe dividend. (2) Speculative; we should sell. (3) The price is ½ dis. to par. We think the issue did not go well.

The Directors of Bovril, Limited, at a Board meeting held on July 21, resolved to distribute an interim dividend on the Preference and Ordinary shares at the rate of 5½ per cent. and 7 per cent. per annum respectively. Warrants to be posted on Aug. 10.

Cowes Week is being elaborately prepared for by the London and South-Western Railways, which are running special trains, as you will see by their advertisements.

A sunny afternoon, a genial Managing Committee, a host of pretty girls in the prettiest of summer frocks, and the stimulating marches and valse of the Coldstream Guards' regimental band, made the Garden Party of the Incorporated Society of Musicians on Saturday last very enjoyable. An ideal spot was chosen—a delightful glade of the Botanic Gardens, in Regent's Park, the illuminated Wednesday evening open-air concerts at which have been among the pleasantest Society recreations of the past London Season. At this ideal Garden Party, Madame Antoinette Sterling (Mrs. McKinley) was among the observed of all observers. This favourite contralto, in the course of a chat with the representative of *The Sketch*, spoke with natural pride of her son, who has inherited her rare talent for singing, and who will one day, it is to be hoped, achieve the high degree of popularity his mother has gained by her magnificent voice and her intensely dramatic delivery.